THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For MARCH, 1807.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 BOTANY, Plate XIV.
2 The SUDDEN ALARM.
3 LONDON Fashionable FULL DRESSES.
4 An elegant new PATTERN for the ORNAMENT of a CHIMNEY-PIECE.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* is intended for our next: we hope the ingenious authoress will favour us with one.

The Essay signed *Mercutio* requires revision.

The Lines *on perusing a beautiful Sonnet*, by W. M. T.—*Sonnet*, and *Lyre of Woe*, by W. M. T.—Verses *on the cutting down of a favourite Elm*, by Mr. J. Webb—shall certainly appear in our next.—Stanzas *to Cupid* are likewise intended for our next.

S. Y.'s *Eugenio and Zelma*, with an Engraving, in our next.

*** Our Readers are requested to notice the following *Errata:*

In the *Lines addressed to S. Y. by J. M. L.* in our Magazine for December last, p. 667, in line 1 of the 7th stanza, for Then *scarcely*—read, Then *surely*.—We have to apologize to our ingenious correspondent J. M. L. for having so long delayed correcting this mistake, which he pointed out to us in the month of January; but his letter having unfortunately been mislaid, it escaped our recollection.

In the Magazine for January, page 29, col. 2, line 10 from the bottom—for *naval* hero—read *novel* hero.

The Botany Plate in this Number is referred to in the Continuation of the *Ninth Lesson*, given last month.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For MARCH, 1807.

THE SUDDEN ALARM;

OR,

A LESSON FOR SCANDAL.

A Tale.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THOSE who habituate themselves to evil-speaking and slandering, and censoriously revile or ridicule those who are absent, not only act in that mean and ungenerous manner which must draw on them the utmost contempt of every person of sound understanding and liberal sentiments; but not unfrequently expose themselves, by the levity and petulance of their tongues, to more serious mischiefs than they could have imagined they had to apprehend.

Letitia Marlow had been left an orphan almost totally unprovided for, at the age of ten years; but her uncle by the mother's side, Mr. Wilson, had taken her under his protection, and brought her up as his own daughter. Letitia was mild, gentle, and engaging, and every day gained more and more on the good-will and affection of her uncle, till, as she grew up, she became the manager and mistress of his household affairs, and obtained an almost uncontrouled authority over him.

Mr. Wilson was a gentleman who, possessing a lucrative office in one of the departments of government, which he filled with much ability and credit to himself, had realized a considerable fortune. He had real generosity and goodness of heart, but at the same time might occasionally excite a smile from those who were not accustomed to him, by certain singularities of character and oddities in his manner. He had an impediment in his speech and a kind of snuffle, which when he endeavoured to be grave and sententious in what he said, as he commonly did, had sometimes a very ludicrous effect. Notwithstanding these infirmities, he seemed to have persuaded himself that no person could speak more forcibly or pointedly; and this opi-

nion of his powers tended only to heighten the ridicule to which he too frequently exposed himself. Yet, with the exception of this foible, he possessed much good sense, a considerable stock of acquired knowledge, and a sound judgment. He was friendly and beneficent to all who were civil and prudent enough to take no notice of his infirmities, of the ridiculing of which he was extremely jealous, and which he scarcely ever forgave. To his niece he was constantly extremely kind and affectionate; and his love for her, from the gentleness, delicacy, and propriety of her behaviour, as has been before said, continually increased.

When Letitia had attained the age of nineteen, Mr. Wilson enlarged his household, of which she had the direction: she, however, kept scarcely any company, and saw but little of the world, as her uncle was rather of a reserved disposition, and totally averse to fashionable gaiety. Letitia passed her time chiefly in reading, drawing, and at her piano-forte. She knew nothing of a life of gaiety and dissipation, and she had no desire to plunge into fashionable follies.

About this time Mr. Wilson, in consequence of some business he had to transact relative to an estate he had purchased in a distant county, found it necessary to leave London. As he had reason to believe that he should be obliged to be absent for a long time, and he was so for a considerably longer time than he expected, he engaged a widow lady of the name of Graham, a distant relation of his, whom he had constantly endeavoured to serve, having a very advantageous opinion of her good sense and prudence, to be a companion to his niece during his absence. He then took a very affectionate leave of Letitia, and giving some good advice to her and Mrs. Graham, in his peculiar manner, set out for the country.

It chanced that the business which had occasioned Mr. Wilson's absence from town detained him in the country several months, during which time, the unexperienced Letitia, and Mrs. Graham, who was not quite so unexperienced, finding themselves under no restraint, indulged themselves somewhat freely, in company with several of the intimate female acquaintances of the latter, in the fashionable entertainments of the town. These new acquaintances of Letitia frequently visited her, and she visited them in return. Their company and conversation, however, were not very improving to the hitherto innocent and artless Letitia. The subjects of their conversation, or rather of their tittle-tattle conferences, when most innocent, related only to the frivolities of dress and fashion, and the most insipid trifles; and when not quite so harmless, turned upon the foibles and faults which they discovered, or pretended to discover, in their acquaintances and friends. Among these females was a Miss Jenkins, who possessed much vivacity; and, indeed, real wit, though lamentably misapplied to the purposes of scandal, in which she was a great adept; and as she had a fertile invention, she never either wanted for a subject, or suffered her levity to be confined within the bounds of truth. Mrs. Graham had nearly the same propensity to scandal, and to turning into ridicule even the persons to whom she was most obliged; but as she had less liveliness of imagination, she was under the necessity of being contented with ill nature instead of wit.

Unfortunately, Letitia conceived an admiration of the accomplishments of these two ladies, and imagined that all they said and did was in the exact taste of the most fashionable

part of the world; and in this, perhaps, she did not make so great a mistake as in supposing that such manners were consistent with true politeness, not to say with good sense or good nature. She, however, was dazzled with the ease and sprightliness of miss Jenkins, who frequently rallied her in a very lively manner on the old-fashioned maxims and manners which she had learned of her uncle, whom she took every opportunity to turn into ridicule, imitating his solemn manner of speaking on some occasions with great exactness and effect. In this ridicule, Mrs. Graham, too, very cordially joined, notwithstanding she had been frequently greatly obliged to the friendship of Mr. Wilson, and notwithstanding she knew that in his will he had bequeathed her a legacy of several thousand pounds, the bulk of his fortune being intended for Letitia.

The truth of the maxim, derived from the highest authority, that 'evil communications corrupt good manners,' became now every day more apparent. Letitia, anxious to emulate what she admired, and prove herself deserving to be admitted into the fashionable circles, began to imitate, but too successfully, the bad qualities of her companions. She vied with them in ridiculing and slandering, in the most flippant and petulant manner, all of whom she had any knowledge, provided they were absent, and many of whom she knew nothing. Her former acquaintances, when present, she addressed, according to the lessons she had received from her new and more accomplished companions, with a formal and fulsome flattery, but, in general, with a strong mixture of the ill-concealed sneer, and the more so, the more they were simple in their manners, and strangers to affectation.

This change in the character and behaviour of Letitia was solely to be attributed to the ill example given her by her new companions, for, in reality, her heart was inclined to what was amiable and praise-worthy, to the honest uncorrupt feelings of human nature. But she was led astray by the idea of thus attaining to fashionable manners and fashionable accomplishments, and rising superior to the tame and groveling ideas of unpolite life.

In the mean time, Mr. Wilson, having finished the business which had detained him so long from home, prepared for his return; and, notwithstanding his peculiarities, he had an honest and good heart. His long absence from Letitia had made him wish to see her again, and to receive that expression of pleasure, and warmth of congratulation, which, he thought, might naturally be expected from an innocently grateful heart like hers, he determined to surprise her, presuming, that, by this, he might ultimately heighten both her pleasure and his own. He set out, therefore, with all convenient speed, and, when he arrived in town, entered his own house with as little noise as possible, and strictly forbidding any person to apprize Letitia of his arrival, hastened abruptly to her apartment.

But it happened, that, at this moment, miss Letitia, Mrs. Graham, and miss Jenkins, were holding one of their polite conversations, in which they treated in no very merciful manner the characters of almost all such of their acquaintances as had any characters to defame. Most unfortunately, too, at this very time, some mention having been made of Mr. Wilson, miss Jenkins began to treat him with her accustomed levity and petulance; and miss Letitia, not to appear inferior to her very accomplished friend in acting

her part in this gay scene, very readily joined in ridiculing her uncle, by mimicking, with very indecent pleasantry and too great accuracy, his stammering speech, his snuffling voice, and his sententious gravity, which certainly, on many occasions, bordered not a little on the ludicrous, but which it was highly improper and most resprehensible in her to hold up as objects of scornful ridicule.

Mr. Wilson, when he approached this scene of indecent merriment, hearing his own name mentioned, did not enter the apartment of his niece, but, though the door stood open, passed on unperceived, and took his station where, without being seen, he could hear all the discourse of these facetious ladies. Of this he soon heard enough to incense him to the utmost degree against Letitia, his insolent, as he now deemed her, and most ungrateful niece. In the first emotions of his indignation and anger, he had half resolved to burst suddenly upon them, reproach them for their mean and ungrateful behaviour, and order them immediately to quit his house; but on further consideration he determined not to have any personal altercation, but to retire as he had entered, and employ some other method to signify that he was acquainted with their behaviour, and to manifest his resentment. He accordingly walked away without taking any further notice. But he did not depart, as he had entered, without being perceived; Letitia saw him, and started as if she had seen an apparition. She shrieked out—*My uncle!*—and the *alarm* became general, as it was *sudden*. Her companions, however, at first, endeavoured to persuade her, that it must be merely the effect of her imagination, and that it could not possibly be her uncle: but she persisted that she was certain that it was him, and no other person; and in this she was undoubtedly right.

In the mean time, Mr. Wilson had hastily and abruptly quitted the house, leaving the ladies to recover from the consternation into which his sudden and unexpected appearance had thrown them as well as they could. On making enquiry of the servants below, they found that he had returned without notice, in the manner that has been before described, and intended to surprise his niece with his arrival. Letitia's conscience told her that he had acted in this unusual manner only because he had hoped he should give her an unexpected pleasure, and wished to witness the joyful emotions of her heart. What then must have been her feelings at the recollection, that she could have no doubt that he had heard all the false and scandalous insinuations against him of Mrs. Graham and Miss Jenkins, and all the ludicrous mimicry with which she had ridiculed his infirmities and peculiarities! That he was extremely offended she was sufficiently convinced by the manner in which he had left the house without saying any thing to the servants; and she well knew that, as she entirely depended upon him, it was in his power to make her very sensibly feel the weight of his resentment: she knew, too, that whenever he was offended it was very difficult to persuade him to forgive.

The foolish mirth of these ladies was now entirely at an end. Miss Jenkins soon took her leave, and left Mrs. Graham and the unhappy Letitia to consider what was to be done in the present exigency of their affairs.

They first made every enquiry in their power to discover, if possible, where Mr. Wilson was; but they could learn nothing concerning him

till the next day, when Letitia received from him the following letter.

'Miss,

'I might say most ungrateful niece, but I leave to your conscience how far you deserve that epithet. My kindness to you I find receives no return but contempt and the meanest insolence. I have nothing more to say to you but to require that both you and Mrs. Graham leave my house immediately: I cannot come into it till you are out of it. Inclosed I send you a hundred pound note, which is the last supply you must expect to receive from your insulted uncle.'

Letitia, heart-broken at thus, by her own folly, having lost the love and protection of so generous a relative, and having ruined all her fair prospect of future fortune, was obliged to comply with this severe command. When, after many fruitless attempts to gain admission to her offended uncle, she had succeeded, she found it impossible to move him from his fixed purpose of discarding her. At length, indeed, when he had been informed, and found it true, that she had been led into this gross impropriety of conduct by the example of Mrs. Graham, whom he had given her as a companion, he so far relented as to make her a present of a thousand pounds; but he could not be prevailed upon to take her again into favour, or indeed, except by accident, ever to see her again.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

Sir,

BY inserting the following account of the insect called by naturalists *ptinus fatidicus*, and by the vulgar the *death watch*, extracted from the sixth volume of Dr. Shaw's *General Zoology*, you may perhaps contribute to dispel the superstitious fears of some persons of confined knowledge; at any rate you will oblige a constant reader and occasional correspondent.

Doncaster, March 3. ELEANOR M——.

Among the popular superstitions, which the almost general illumination of modern times has not been able to obliterate, the dread of the death watch may well be considered as one of the most prominent, and still continues to disturb the habitations of rural tranquillity with groundless fears and absurd apprehensions. It is not, indeed, to be imagined that they who are engaged in the more important cares of providing the immediate necessaries of life should have either leisure or inclination to investigate with philosophic exactness the causes of a particular sound: yet it must be allowed to be a very singular circumstance, that an animal so common should not be more universally understood. It is chiefly in the advanced state of spring that this alarming little animal commences its sound, which is no other than the call, or signal, by which the male and female are led to each other, and which may be considered as analogous to the call of birds; though not owing to the voice of the insect, but to its beating on any hard substance with the shield or fore-part of its head. The prevailing number of distinct strokes which it beats is from seven to nine or eleven; which very circumstance may, perhaps, still add, in some degree, to the ominous character which it bears among the vulgar. These sounds, or beats, are given in pretty quick succession, and are repeated at uncertain intervals; and in old houses, where the insects are numerous, may be heard at almost every hour of the day, es-

pecially if the weather be warm. The sound exactly resembles that which may be made by beating moderately hard with the nail on a table. The insect is of a colour so exactly resembling that of decayed wood, viz. an obscure greyish brown, that it may for a considerable time elude the search of the enquirer. It is about a quarter of an inch in length, and is moderately thick in proportion, and the wing-shells are marked with numerous irregular variegations of a lighter or greyer cast than the ground colour. In the twentieth and twenty-second volume of the Philosophical Transactions may be found a description of this species by the celebrated Derham, with some very just observations relative to its habits, and general appearance; and it seems singular that so remarkable an insect should have almost escaped the notice of more modern entomologists. In the twelfth edition of the *Systema Naturæ* of Linnæus it does not appear; but is probably the *dermestes tesselatus* of Fabricius, in which case he seems to have placed it in a wrong genus. Ridiculous, and even incredible as it may appear, it is an animal that may in some measure be tamed; at least it may be so far familiarized as to be made to beat occasionally, by taking it out of its confinement, and beating on a table or board, when it will readily answer the noise, and will continue to beat as often as required.

We must be careful not to confound this animal, which is the real death watch of the vulgar, emphatically so called, with a much smaller insect of a very different genus, which makes a sound like the ticking of a watch, and continues it for a long time without intermission. It belongs to a totally different order, and is the *termes pulsatorium* of Linnæus.

I cannot conclude this slight account of the death watch without quoting a sentence from that celebrated work the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* of the learned Sir Thomas Brown, who on this subject expresses himself in words like these—'He that could eradicate this error from the minds of the people would save from many a cold sweat the meticulous heads of nurses and grandmothers.'

CHARACTERS.

LOOK at that lady who is walking with three others: she is at the right hand; her beauty is showy; she talks loud and laughs loud: if she had less colour, she would look less glaring, as it spreads too far over her countenance, and ill becomes the nose.

Elvira is a young lady of a very diffident air: her dress is studied, her looks reserved: if her eyes wander from the ground, they fall upon her own dress. She speaks little, and the tone is not pleasing that proceeds from a screwed lip.

Flora has a graceful figure, but her tongue is flippant. Her eyes are full, dark, and sparkling; but they express a malignant mind. Her eyebrows are beautifully arched, but she contracts them into a haughty frown. Her lips are red and liquid, but smiles are never seen to revel round them. Her complexion resembles the lily and the rose, but it is artificial.

Mary is lively and engaging: she possesses the friendship of many, and she seeks the love and confidence of every one; but beware ye who confide in her. In reality she is artful and perfidious; for where she cures one wound in the breast of the afflicted, she inflicts others more deep and lasting.

ELIZABETH YEAMES.

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL,

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 69.)

LETTER VII.

Miss Harriet Vernon to Miss West.

I HAVE so much to say to my good friend that I can scarcely afford time to thank her for her letter just received, much less to answer it, except to say that I can have no objection for your good mother to see all I write, and shall think myself happy if I can contribute to her entertainment.

This colonel, my dear, indeed he is a prince of a man; this letter will let you into his character. He has now been with us ten days, but has taken lodgings at the west end of the town, to which he removes to-morrow, most heartily disgusted, I believe, with our brother's society. He says, however, he shall give us his company very often, and hopes that, as soon as he is settled and has got his sister with him, we shall favour him with our visits.

Two or three days after my last letter, Maria and I were sent masquerade dresses with tickets, and a note from the colonel, requesting that we would accompany him. Maria did not approve accepting the offer; and what do you think was her objection? Why, truly, she was afraid we should be run away with. Run away with two nymphs at a time! did you ever hear of such a circumstance? Well, I acquiesced, though it cost me a deep sigh.—But what were we to say to the colonel?—'I suppose you won't tell him the true reason,' said I: 'it would be rather an awkward thing to say—Sir, I am afraid of you; I am afraid you will run away with me.'

'I will manage it,' said she; 'and if he is the man I take him to be, he will not think the worse of us for our refusal.'

The colonel came in, and addressing himself to Maria, asked her if she had received a box and a short note.

'Yes, sir,' she replied; 'and we are much obliged for both.'

'The obligation will be all on my side, miss Vernon, if you and your sister will honour me with your company.'

'You are very obliging, indeed, sir, and I hope you will accept our best thanks; but we must beg leave to decline the favour you intended us. I know my brother would not approve it; and as we have never been accustomed to appear in public, we are cowards. I own for my part, nothing terrifies me so much as a crowd.'

'That can be no objection,' said the colonel; 'you will be quite secure from fright or inconvenience under my protection, and I doubt not that I shall be able to prevail on your brother to give his consent, and perhaps we may prevail with him to be of our party.'

Seeing Maria at a loss for an answer, I thought I would help her out; but I might as well have been silent.

'Indeed,' said I, 'we, who have never been in public, must cut a very awkward figure at a masquerade.'

'The miss Vernons cannot appear awkward any where; that is impossible.'

I now saw I had unawares fished for a compliment: I blushed, and felt confused.'

'Come, come,' said the colonel,

'I am not satisfied with your excuses, young ladies; there is not one of them has the least weight. Permit me to say your objections are vanished.'

'No, sir,' said Maria, with a grave countenance, 'our excuses, perhaps, are not powerful, but such as they are, if you will accept them you will highly oblige us.'

You know there is something very decisive in Maria's manner, with a persuasive sweetness. 'Not another word will I say to urge my wish,' said he; 'it is sufficient for me it is not yours.' Maria dropt a curtsey, and gave him a look of inexpressible sweetness.

Dinner-time arriving, we were surprised at not seeing our brother. Mr. Wentworth came in. We enquired of him, and he informed us he was gone to dine with a friend: 'I have just parted with him, and he desired me to say he should not be home till bed-time.' Very polite, thought I. 'Sir,' said Maria, 'I am very sorry for my brother's absence; I dare say he was particularly engaged.' 'No apology, my dear miss Vernon: it is, I believe, out of your power or mine to account for your brother's actions.' His countenance shone with unusual gaiety, and I could plainly perceive he was not a little pleased at the circumstance, and I can truly say it was the most comfortable meal I ever sat down to in this house. Dorcas waited; and the colonel, all ease and good humour, condescended to notice the good creature in a manner highly pleasing. After dinner Mr. Wentworth (who I observed was particularly low and absent) withdrew to business, and the colonel taking a chair, placed it between us, and seated himself. 'Now,' said he, 'I have the opportunity I wished for of being alone with the two miss Vernons. To be admitted into your friendship and confidence I am ambitious of: although our acquaintance is short, I have seen enough to convince me I cannot contract a more amiable one, and I hope to make myself in some measure worthy of it.'

'Ah! sir,' said Maria—a tear standing in her eye—'we have no friend or protector but our brother: to him are we indebted for the easy circumstances you see us in. We lost our parents early in life: our brother put us to a school in a small village, where we were brought up with a care and attention by the mistress not exceeding that of her own daughter: nothing but her great love for us both could have induced her to have kept us till the age of sixteen; for the small sum my brother allowed must have been insufficient, though she will not acknowledge it. At that age my brother took me home to keep his house, and three years after my sister. We have lived with him ever since; but I have always thought our continuance uncertain, for on every slight occasion he threatens to part with us, and often. But why should I say more? it is unbecoming in me to hint at defects in my brother.'

She ceased, and never did I see Maria look so lovely. She could scarcely restrain her tears, and it was with difficulty I could mine. The colonel took a hand of each, and said, with emotion—'Charming sisters! your short story has affected me; it would interest me in your favour independent of any other consideration: from this moment consider me as your friend, protector, and brother. Never will I lose sight of your interest; and let me intreat you to dismiss all fears as to your brother's continuance of his favours, as it will at any time be in my power to make up his deficiencies.—But we are grave, and that I will not allow.'

I was going to reply.—

'If you are going, miss Harriet, to answer what I have been saying, I impose silence.'

'Indeed, sir,' said I, 'I was going to attempt an answer; but as it must not be, I will take the liberty of asking you a question.—Pray, sir, how came you acquainted with our brother?'

'As you have been so obliging to acquaint me with your history,' said the colonel, 'I will give you mine, if you think it worth your attention.'

'You cannot oblige us more,' said Maria. The colonel then began.—

'My father was a clergyman in the west of England, possessed of a living of two hundred a year, and a small paternal estate, not more than fifty pounds a year. He married a young woman for love, her dower being only an agreeable person, a sensible mind, and a sweet temper. My father, I believe, always thought himself rich in the possession of his lovely wife; but, alas! his happiness continued only six years: she died, and left a daughter four years old, and myself one year. My father devoted all the time he could spare from his parochial duties to the care and education of his two children—precious pledges would he often call us of his dear Lucy, whose memory he revered, and whose loss he deplored in a manner becoming the true Christian. He was a very learned as well as a sensible man, and under such a preceptor I could not fail of making a progress in useful knowledge: my sister, also, received from him an education superior to what is usually bestowed on her sex; and being of an amiable disposition added charms to that learning without which it fails to please in your sex. I very early imbibed a turn for the army. Every military book I met with was perused with avidity; and when very young I remember wearing a stick for a sword, and turning up my hat on one side, which my sister would ornament with a cockade. My father did not see this inclination with satisfaction: he wished me to be a merchant—in short, any thing but a soldier. I was placed with a merchant at the age of seventeen; and in the same house was your brother, whose assiduity in business gained him the applause of his master, whilst my negligence brought on me blame and disgrace. My master at length wrote to my father. How has the recollection of the pain I must have given this good parent distressed me! I was to be seen every where but in the compting-house. This was true, and all my father's remonstrances had no avail. He ordered me home; but what was my surprise to find he had purchased for me a pair of colours! I expressed my gratitude in the best manner I was able, and promised—what did I not promise! of everlasting duty and affection to him and my sister. I can truly say, I felt all I expressed.

'When the time arrived that I was to embark with the regiment, I felt a pang at parting with my father and sister. The mournful countenance of the former and the tears of the latter were daggers to my heart. But the field of honour lay before me, and nothing could have prevented my entrance. I shall never forget the conversation that passed between my father and me, the night before my departure. After taking an affectionate leave of my sister, I sat down alone with him.—"My dear son," said he, "I saved the money with which I purchased your commission with difficulty; but I do not mean to reproach you, or make you feel the weight of the obligation. Your inclination leads

you to the army; I do not think it right to oppose that inclination. Go, distinguish yourself by your bravery: something whispers me that you will rise to eminence in the course of a few years. I may not live to see it; but your sister, my sweet Lucy, may. Remember, Charles, she has a claim on your good fortune. I hope to live long enough to save so as not to be quite dependent on you; but whether I do or not I commend her to your care and affection. Love and honour your sister, and you will love and honour mine and your mother's memory."

'I embraced my father with the warmest affection, but my heart was too full to speak; I stammered out —Until I forget myself, I can never forget my father and my sister. But I see you are affected: I will hasten to a conclusion.

'The first letter I received from England brought an account of this worthy parent's death. I was much shocked, but it is our duty to resign ourselves to these awful events. I immediately wrote to my sister, and from her I learned that she was left in circumstances only sufficient to board, which she did, with a friend on easy terms. It has pleased Heaven to bless me with every success my most sanguine wishes could desire, and I have now the happiness of returning to my native country, and meeting with this beloved sister unimpaired in health and affection. She lives in a small house near Portsmouth, unmarried. That she is so excites my wonder, but I have not yet enquired the reasons. The joy we felt at thus meeting again it is only in the power of such sensibility as yours to conceive. It is my intention, as soon as I can fix on a country residence, to solicit this worthy sister to reside with me until I can prevail on some lady to honour me with her hand; for I own it is my wish to die a married man.'

We thanked the colonel for his narration. Congratulate us, my dear Susan, on our acquaintance with this worthy man. Maria says she had no doubt of his being what he professes. We discover every hour some new, good, or agreeable quality in him. I long to see this sister; if she resembles her brother, how amiable must she be! But I have not finished our conversation.

'Your brother, I believe,' said he, 'thinks my visit has been long enough: I have suspected it, and this day's behaviour has confirmed it.'

We both expressed our desire he would not leave us, and began to make excuses for our brother.

'I will not,' replied he, 'leave London. I purpose taking lodgings, and will, with your permission, pay my respects to you most days; it will be more convenient for me so to do, as here I cannot bring a servant.'

'Your brother,' he continued, 'was always an oddity, and loved his money too well when a young man. This love has increased, as might be expected. The young man who lives with you, Mr. Wentworth, seems a sensible, amiable man; but I believe your brother does not encourage him as he deserves.'

'He does not,' said Maria, 'and he has talked of leaving him; indeed I wonder he has not.'

'You will then not blame him for accepting an offer I made him a few days since of going to India. I have it in my power to set him out in a very advantageous manner.'

'Has he accepted your kind offer?' said I; for I thought Maria looked as if she could not ask the question.

'He has, and I suppose by

this time has acquainted your brother.'

'I thought he looked rather dull at dinner,' said I.

'He should rather have looked joyful,' said Maria.

'The thoughts of parting with his two charming friends, I doubt not, was in his head,' observed the colonel.

I watched Maria's countenance, but I discovered very little emotion; I believe I have been mistaken. I am sorry to part with Charles, but sincerely rejoice in his good fortune. When he came in to supper, he complained of a head-ache, and went to bed. My brother did not come home till eleven o'clock, and, without making any apology, called for a candle, and marched off.

'I am astonished how he can behave in this manner,' said I.

'The matter will be settled in the morning,' replied the colonel: 'in the mean while we will, if you please, follow him up stairs to our separate apartments.' So saying he took a candle, and with a smile and a bow retired.

Maria and I did not sleep half the night for talking over the conversation of the day, and I rose early to write to you.—Adieu, my dear, for the present. I smile at your idea of the colonel's falling in love with one of us. I believe he really regards us both with affection, particularly Maria: as for me, I love and admire him as a friend, but that I do not regard him in any other light is as true as that I am

Most affectionately yours,

H. Vernon.

LETTER VIII.

The Same to the Same.

A whole month has elapsed, and I have not put pen to paper to my dear friend: what shall I say for an excuse?—Plays and concerts, I assure you; a jaunt to Windsor too! Bless me, you say, what ails the girl; is she mad? I believe I am; but not to keep you in suspence, I inform you that the colonel left our house the next day. As he intended, my brother and he parted on civil terms. 'For,' said the colonel, 'I considered he had two charming sisters.' He has taken handsome lodgings, and my brother and we have visited him once; but there is scarcely a day passes that he does not spend an hour or two with us. He very much pressed going into public with us, and as Maria has got over her scruples, we have been with him to the play and the opera. My penetration could now discover there was something more in all this attention than I at first suspected. The colonel is in love, but it is not with your friend Harriet; it is her sister who has engaged him. I must tell you how all this came out. He came yesterday morning, as usual. Come, thought I, I will not be a Marplot (we had seen the Busy Body the night before): if you want, good man, to speak to my sweet sister alone, I will give you the opportunity. Accordingly I walked up stairs; and when he was gone, which was in about two hours, (what an unconsionable time, Susan!) down I went into the parlour. Maria was leaning her head on her hand, drowned in tears. 'Bless me,' said I, 'what's the matter?' 'Oh dear! Harriet,' said she, 'I want your advice.'—'None of your oh dears!' said I; 'let us come to the point at once. I guess the colonel has done nothing less than offer you his hand this morning.'

'He has, indeed, offered himself to my acceptance in the most unreserved manner.'

'Well, I guessed so. I should like to have heard all he said: cannot you recollect, and tell me?'

This had the desired effect, and

made her smile.—'I wish, Harriet,' said she, 'he had offered himself to you.'

'Thank you, sister, so do not I; but as a brother I shall adore him.'

'Then you would not have accepted him as a husband?'

'Indeed I believe I should. What, refuse a man of his fortune! Such a man too! No, no; I should most certainly have said yes; but that is nothing to the purpose. What did you say? But I beg pardon, perhaps it is a secret.'

'No, my dear Harriet,' said she, 'I have no secrets from you. I was much confounded, as you may suppose; but I gave the colonel no reason to think I was averse to the proposal.'

'Well, very good,' said I: 'one cannot on these occasions, to be sure, say yes at once. But why, my sweet sister, so very grave? you look as if you repented going so far.'

'Why, indeed, Harriet, I do not know my own heart. I fear I shall not love the colonel with the sort of affection I ought, and yet I feel the highest esteem for him.'

'Pish!' said I; 'is not that sufficient? I have heard it said, love is sure to follow esteem, if the object continues to deserve it; and I am sure this colonel gives a proof of his sincerity in choosing a poor unportioned girl, when doubtless he might have met with many women of fortune, that would gladly have accepted him. I suppose you will consult Mrs. West. She will inform you all you ought to feel.'

'To be sure, I shall not take any material step without consulting her.'

'Here comes brother,' said I; 'shall we tell him?'

'Oh no, I am not determined yet; besides, Mr. Wentworth is with him. Dear Harriet, hold your peace.'

'Well, don't put yourself in a flustration. I shall not speak till you give me leave; not but I think the sooner it is over the better.'

Maria accompanies this with a letter to your mother. I conclude in haste, yours,

H. VERNON.

LETTER IX.

Miss Vernon to Mrs. West.

Dear and honoured Madam,

WHAT a happy girl is your Maria, in possessing a friend and adviser capable and willing to lead her through all the perplexities she may meet with! In you, my dear madam, have I through life found this friend; and to your maternal tenderness am I indebted for all the instruction my early years received, and all the credit my riper ones have gained. May I never prove ungrateful to my benefactress, by neglecting to ask her advice and approbation! My sister has informed you, from time time, of our acquaintance with colonel Ambrose. We have concurred in our sentiments of him, which are in the highest degree favourable. He is certainly a most amiable character, as well as a gentleman in the true sense of the word; I esteem, and I may say I admire him in a superlative degree. But, my dear madam, I am to acquaint you that he has offered me his hand. Now though I regard him in the favourable light I have described, I never felt the least desire of being his wife; on the contrary, I feel concerned at the proposal. Am I then justifiable in becoming the wife of a man I cannot with pleasure think of as a husband? He is many years older than me, but I have never considered this circumstance as an objection. To what then can I ascribe my indifference? You will, perhaps, say, to my partiality for another;

but if I know my own heart, I am not conscious of such a partiality. I am surely then ungrateful. Reprove my ingratitude, my dear adviser, and give me your opinion how I ought to feel and act. I dread to acquaint my brother with the proposal, because I know he will discard me if I refuse to accept it. But why should I dread it? for if I have your approbation of my conduct I shall know I have done right, and I hope I am superior to the consideration of sordid views when my duty is concerned. Harriet, all life and spirits, owns herself incapable of advising me: but I can perceive she will disapprove my conduct if I refuse the colonel. I will not, however, refuse him, if you can think me right, after considering all I have said, in accepting him.

Adieu! my dear madam. I am, with the greatest respect, yours,

M. Vernon.

LETTER X.

Mrs. West to Miss Vernon, in answer.

My dear Maria,

Your letter, now before me, is highly gratifying. To aid by my experience the judgment of my young friends is a pleasing task, and ever to be commanded by them are my advice and best services.

You consult me on an important subject, and, I must acknowledge, the one I least wish to advise on. I congratulate you, my dear, on the conquest you have made of the heart of such a man as colonel Ambrose. That he is really the man you think him I have no reason to doubt. Prudence, however, must not allow you to precipitate yourself into a union, until after a longer acquaintance.

This premised, I proceed to answer your queries. You tell me you esteem and admire colonel Ambrose, but never felt the least desire of becoming his wife: at the same time his age is no objection, and you are not conscious of an attachment elsewhere. To what then are you to ascribe your indifference? Depend upon it, my dear, you feel exactly the same as every prudent delicate young woman would feel in your circumstances. Did you more than esteem and admire a man twice your age, it would be unnatural; and did you wish to become the wife of any man on so short an acquaintance your prudence and delicacy would, in my eyes, stand impeached.

If his age is no objection, and you can esteem and admire him, I see no reason to suspect you will repent your choice; and if you have no partiality elsewhere, I think you have every chance of happiness with colonel Ambrose. I say nothing of interest, or your uneasy dependent situation, being sensible that to change that situation must be your wish as well as mine. I have in a very few words answered your letter. Much more might be said on the subject, but I would rather refer you to your own inclination and judgment than mine. That my dear Maria may determine for her happiness is the sincere wish of her affectionate friend,

M. West.

(*To be continued.*)

A NIGHT WALK

IN MARCH.

By J. M. L.

'Hail melancholy night! mild pensive hour!
How sweet amid these mould'ring walls to rove,
While beams on high the silent moon!'

THE many-weathered month of March presented me with one beautiful evening: the moon floated on

high amidst the pure ether, and myriads of stars spread their splendor as far as the eye could reach. The air was chill, but dry; whilst the trees around waved in the wind the yet-bare boughs of winter. The beauty of the night had tempted me to take a walk, purely for the sake of doing so. The stillness that surrounded me was tranquillising to my breast: I knew that I was wandering in a part of the country where no danger was to be dreaded, and consequently strolled on without fear; though so solitary was the way, it might have well been supposed to lead

> 'Through many a dismal lane, and darksome wood,
> In story famous for the murder done
> On nightly traveller.'
>
> HURDIS.

One regret I only had, and it was, that I could not with inquisitive eye search for the hidden primrose, Spring's earliest tribute; for much I like to find a leaf or simple blossom, that leads the mind on fancy's eagle wing to summer hours and peaceful enjoyments. Dearly do I love to idle away a summer's day beside a willow-shaded stream, my only companions contemplation and a book. Let the Cynic cry it is wrong to waste the hours given to man for better purposes in this unprofitable way; I heed him not, but answer thus—

> 'Give we none to vice,
> And Heav'n will not strict reparation ask
> For many a summer's day and winter's eve
> So spent as best amuses us.'
>
> HURDIS.

I proposed to extend my walk to some distance, that I might have the pleasure of wandering by moonlight amidst the ruins of an old abbey, that had often afforded me infinite satisfaction in my day-strolls. It was late when I set off, and when I reached the venerable spot I might have said with Ogilvie,

> ''Twas at the hour when midnight ghosts assume
> The frightful shape, and sweep along the gloom;
> When the pale spectre bursts upon the view;
> When fancy paints the fading taper blue;
> When smiling virtue rests, nor dreads a foe;
> And slumber shuts the weeping eyes of woe.'

I walked slowly among the mouldering ruins, filled with wonder at the stupendous masses which time had torn from their foundations.

> 'The lofty tow'r complete in ev'ry part,
> That stood (by numbers rear'd) the boast of art;
> The firm, compacted wall, that long defied
> Each battering storm that thunder'd on its side;
> The sculptur'd brass, the monumental stone,
> In one promiscuous heap were all o'erthrown.'
>
> OGILVIE.

'Alas! and even less than this seemed to remain of the former possessors of this place. The cemetery might still be traced where slept the forgotten remains of those whom Death had, ages since, borne to their tombs. Still unsatisfied, he sweeps from the earth, with indiscriminate vengeance, the old and the young, the rich and the poor.

> 'See! where the Shade, to strike his gasping prey,
> Draws the keen dart, that never miss'd its way;
> Thron'd on the ruin of terrestrial things,
> He sits, and tramples on the dust of kings.
> See, his black chariot floats in streams of gore,
> Pale Rage behind, and Terror strides before.
> Not Beauty with'ring in the bloom of years,
> Not dove-ey'd Innocence dissolv'd in tears,
> Not kneeling Love, that trembles as it prays,
> Not heart-struck Anguish, fix'd in stupid gaze!
> Not all the frantic groans of wild Despair;
> Not helpless Age, that tears its silver hair;
> Can stay one moment the severe command,
> Or wrest th' avenging dart from that relentless hand.
> Here pause:—the crowds extended on the bier
> Claim from the filial heart a parting tear:
> Spend on the tomb where drooping grandeur lies
> One mournful burst of sympathising sighs.

Oh death! terrific ere thy dart is try'd!
Whose hand o'erturns the tow'ring domes of pride;
What wide destruction marks thy fatal reign!
What numbers bleed thro' all thy vast domain!
Whether thy arm, its dreadful strength to show,
Like SAMPSON'S, sweeps its thousands at a blow;
Or gives the cannon's parting ball to fly,
Or wings the lightning glancing through the sky;
Or bursts the opening ground (whole fields destroy'd),
The city tumbling through the dreadful void!
If in the fever, famine, plague, thou blast
Th' unpeopled earth, and lay the nations waste;
Though all her sons, the victims of thy pow'r,
Her sons, that fall by millions in an hour;
Yet know, should all thy terrors stand display'd,
'Tis but the meaner soul that shrinks with dread:
That solemn scene the suppliant captive mourns;
That scene intrepid virtue views, and scorns.
Thine, virtue! thine is each persuasive charm;
Thine ev'ry soul with heavenly raptures warm;
Thine all the bliss that innocence bestows,
And thine the heart that feels another's woes.
What tho' thy train, neglected, or unknown,
Have sought the silent vale, and sigh'd alone!
Tho' torrents stream'd from ev'ry melting eye!
Tho' from each bosom burst th' unpity'd sigh!
Tho' oft, with life's distracting cares opprest,
They long'd to sleep in everlasting rest!
Oh envy'd misery!—what soft delight
Breath'd on the mind, and smooth'd the gloom of night:
When nobler prospects, an eternal train,
Made rapture glow in ev'ry beating vein;
When Heav'n's bright domes the smiling eye survey'd,
And joys that bloom'd more sweetly from the shade.'

OGILVIE.

As I leaned on the fragments of what had once been a pillar, contemplating the surrounding objects, fancy almost peopled the space with the imagined figures of those who had once been the inmates of this now-dilapidated ruin.

'Lo! rising from yon dreary tomb,
What spectres stalk across the gloom!
With haggard eyes, and visage pale,
And voice that moans with feeble wail!
O'er yon long resounding plain
Slowly moves the solemn train;
Wailing wild with shrieks of woe,
O'er the bones that rest below!
While the dull night's startled ear
Shrinks, aghast with thrilling fear!
Or stand with thin robes wasting soon,
And eyes that blast the sickening moon!
Yet these, ere time had roll'd their years away,
Ere Death's fell hand had mark'd its aim,
Rul'd yon proud tow'rs with ample sway,
Beheld the trembling swains obey,
And wrought the glorious deed that swell'd the trump of Fame.'

OGILVIE.

Greatness! what art thou? for a little while thou blazest a meteor amongst mankind; often more hated than beloved: death at last puts an end to thy career, and a splendid pageant conducts thee to the grave. When any man is infatuated by the false glare of ambition, and is discontented in his station, at which he probably inwardly repines, let reason draw aside the veil; let him seek the tomb of departed greatness, and

'Read o'er the monument that tells—*He died!*'

and I think he will return satisfied. This motto will be such a man's best guide.

'To be secure,'
Be humble; to be happy, be content.'

HURDIS.

The great man, at the last day, will fare no better, nor be better looked upon, than the humblest hind that waited on him when here. Finely has Ogilvie pictured this in his poem entitled 'The Day of Judgment; and the language he puts into the angel's mouth who sounds the last trump is sublimely energetic.

'Be dark, thou sun, in one eternal night;
And cease, thou moon, to rule with paler light
Ye planets, drop from these dissolving skies!
Rend, all ye tombs! and, all ye dead, arise!
Ye winds, be still; ye tempests, rave no more!
And roll, thou deep, thy millions to the shore!
Earth, be dissolv'd, with all these worlds on high!
And time, be lost in vast eternity!

'Now, by creation's dread tremendous Sire,
Who sweeps these stars as atoms, in his ire;
By Heav'n's Omnipotent, unconquered King;
By Him who rides the rapid whirlwind's wing;
Who reigns supreme in his august abode,
Forms or confounds with one commanding nod;
Who wraps in black'ning clouds his awful brow,
Whose glance like lightning looks all nature through:
" By Him I swear!"—(he paus'd, and bow'd the head,
Then rais'd aloft his flaming hand, and said)
" Attend ye saints, who in seraphic lays
Exalt his name, but tremble while you praise;
Ye hosts, that bow to your almighty Lord,
Hear, all his works, th' irrevocable word!
Thy reign, O man, and Earth, thy days are o'er!
I swear by Him, that Time shall be no more.
He spoke (all Nature groan'd a loud reply;)
Then shook the sun, and tore him from the sky!'

From the nature of my contemplations in this night's walk, my ideas had become very sombre, but I was not the less improved by it on that account: I returned home, I trust better than I went out, and as I sank to repose put up a short prayer to Him

'Whose hand the bolted thunder forms,
Who wings the whirlwind, and who breathes the storms.'

OGILVIE.

FAMILY ANECDOTES.

By SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

(Concluded from p. 78.)

CHAP. XVII.

'When love hath charm'd the virgin's ear,
She hides the tender thought in vain:
How oft a blush—a sigh—a tear,
Betrays the sweetly anxious pain.

'For thee a mutual flame I own;
Thy joy, thy sorrows, both are mine:
Thy virtues all my soul have won,
That boasts a passion pure as thine.'

PETER PINDAR.

MARY had left her husband at an obscure village in Cornwall, where they had retired to avoid the importunity of their numerous creditors. Here they had time for reflection on past follies, and here they might have been happy; but ill habits, which are easily acquired but difficult to expell, followed them to their retirement. Gordon could not procure wine, but he dozed away his time over jugs of ale: while Mary affected a pre-eminence in wit and fashion among the humble villagers; and perhaps it was only to change the scene a little which first led her to think of paying her mother and sister a visit.

After the funeral of poor Martha, Sabina disposed of the cottage and its furniture to a neighbouring farmer; but many of its most useful effects Mary entreated her sister to give to *her*. 'They will be dear to me and Gordon, for my mother's sake,' said she: but afterwards, when she found how expensive the carriage of them to the Land's-end would be, she sold them, and put the money in her own pocket.

On the departure of Mrs. Gordon, John Adams, (Mrs. Westwood's husband), kindly enough, invited Sabina to the house; which invitation she gladly accepted, not knowing, indeed, where to go—for Mary had not asked her sister to accompany her to Hendon. She flattered herself that she could make them some amends for their hospitality, by her attention to the domestic affairs of so large a family; for Jane had many children by her late husband, and they had several servants. But unhappily the temper of John was exceedingly irritable, and the patience of Jane but small, so that constant quarrels and contentions rendered the house insupportable to the mild and placid Sabina. She therefore determined to go to Lon-

don, and endeavour to get a situation in some family; but first she would visit her dear Mrs. Smith, and take her advice. Accordingly she took leave of honest John and his wife, returning them many thanks for their civility; which so pleased John (for the vulgar love thanks), that he went himself with her to the stage, and even insisted on paying her fare.

Sabina arrived safe at dame Smith's humble cot. The good woman rejoiced to see her.—'My dear child,' said she, 'the sight of you does me good: but you must be my bedfellow, Sabina; for the little room your good mother had is occupied by a most worthy young man, who visits these parts once a year, and always has that room. He is in the linen trade, and I believe is an Irishman; but a better, nor a worthier, nor a handsomer man, perhaps, never lived. I have told him what a dutiful tender angel I have had here, and right glad am I that you are come while he is here. God send he may see you with old dame Smith's eyes—and you won't go from this house Sabina Gayton—that's all.'

'My dear friend, how you talk!' said Sabina. 'I have come to ask your advice concerning my future plan of life.'

'Marry the handsome Irishman, my sweet girl.'

'What, before he asks me?' said Sabina, smiling.

'No, not so neither: but I have talked to him a great deal about you, my child, and now I shall say a little more; and as you are on the spot, as a body may say, who knows what may happen—hey?'

'For pity's sake, for my sake,' cried Sabina, 'say nothing to him.—Do not drive me from your house. I have much to say to you—have great need of your counsel: you are my only friend, whom next to Heaven I look to for comfort and assistance. Do not suffer your love and partiality for me to lead you into error.'

The worthy Mrs. Smith, affected by her earnestness, kissed her blushing cheek, assuring her things should take their course. Yet the hope she secretly cherished of seeing her favourite the wife of the good, and the worthy, and the handsome Irishman, gave a flow to her spirits which Sabina had never before seen, but which she rejoiced to witness.

In the cottage of Mrs. Smith Sabina found herself perfectly at home, and, for the first time since her mother's death, felt happy.

She informed her attentive hostess of all that had befallen her since their separation. The good woman was much offended with Mary for not inviting her sister to Hendon, and still more at her asking for part of the furniture.—'Proud, yet mean and good-for-nothing creature!' cried she, 'your dear mother never meant her to have a rag. But I warrant she took care to have the best.—I wish I had been there—that's all.'

Sabina, finding it impossible to stop her friendly, but to her painful, harangue, said, 'My dear Mrs. Smith, while you prepare our room, I will indulge in a visit to the dear drooping willow.—Nay, I will soon return, and the walk will do me good.'

'Well, my lovely child! go.—But remember your mother is happy, and do not give way to useless sorrow.'

'I will think on what you say,' answered Sabina, and was out of sight in an instant.

When she arrived at the grave, she was surprised to see a neat plain stone cover the spot which she had left bound with osiers. This was the work of the kind-hearted Mrs.

Smith. Sabina sat down on the humble grave, and gave free indulgence to her imagination till the church clock struck eight. She arose to return, and, lifting up her eyes, observed a tall, elegant looking man, leaning on an opposite tomb, whose attention was fixed on her. She was embarassed, as she must pass him in her way to the gate. He moved his hat, and approaching her, said, 'Will you excuse a stranger's curiosity, madam? Was the owner of that lowly bed known to you?'

'O yes,' said Sabina; 'the body of my mother lies beneath this stone.'

'Amiable miss Gayton!' cried the stranger, with vivacity, 'my heart claims you for a friend. The worthy dame Smith has taught me to reverence the virtues of her who sleeps in peace beneath the willow. She has also taught me to love and admire the character of her daughter. I presume you are going to Mrs. Smith's. Do me the honour of accepting my arm.'

Sabina was more and more embarassed: not doubting but this was the handsome Irishman, and fearing to provoke Mrs. Smith's mirth, by returning in company with the man she most wished to avoid—stammered out something, she scarce knew what herself, and hurried on. When they entered the little kitchen, the good woman held up her hands and eyes; but an imploring look from Sabina returned that to her heart which was springing to her lips.

The kind soul had killed one of her best fowls, which with a piece of her ham was soon set out on the table with much pride and pleasure; she declaring she had not felt so much happiness since the loss of her poor boy as she felt then. After supper, she drew a cork of her currant wine, and drinking the 'single married, and the married happy,' desired Sabina (to the no small confusion of the poor girl) to pledge her.

Their companion, Mr. Hool, amused them by singing several Irish songs, and relating many pleasant anecdotes which had happened in his travels; and while the good dame pronounced him the drollest of mortals, Sabina thought him the most accomplished of men.

When they retired for the night —'My dear Mrs. Smith,' said Sabina, 'I have been much surprised this evening, and, though flattered by your goodness and respect for my dear mother's memory, am half angry with you.'

'Angry, my child! what have I done to offend you?'

'Do not talk of offending me, my dear, good woman.—But why—why did you put yourself to the expence of a stone?'

'O! is that all?—To be sure, I thought you left the five guineas in the table-drawer for that purpose. Shall the wicked and the worthless have marble monuments erected to their memory, and shall not a plain stone point out the place where goodness and virtue sleep?'

Sabina could not sleep for thinking of the goodness of Providence, in raising her up so true a friend.—How vain, how foolish, thought she, is it for mortals to trust in riches or relations, for comfort in the hour of distress! Riches are fleeting—relations are selfish; but God can incline the heart of the stranger to sooth the sinking spirits, to pour balm on the wounded mind of those who put their trust in him.

Nor was the person who occupied the next chamber more inclined to slumber. The charms of the unassuming orphan, the modesty of her deportment, the amiableness of her character, had entered the heart of

the handsome Irishman, who was, perhaps, as much pleased with Sabina as even dame Smith herself could wish.

Sabina continued with her friend nearly six weeks, and then prepared for her journey to London, carrying a letter to a lady there from Mrs. Smith, strongly recommending Sabina to her notice.

On the morning of her departure, Hool came into the little parlour where Sabina was waiting for Mrs. Smith.—'You are going, Sabina,' said he, 'and will soon forget, in the gay circles of London, the humble friends you leave behind.'

'Ah! do not say so,' cried Sabina, with emotion. 'Never, never shall I cease to remember the happy days I have passed beneath this roof. Never can I forget the dear friends I am about to quit.'

'Charming girl!' cried Hool, snatching her hand, and pressing it to his lips. 'Charming girl! may I hope—you said *friends*, may I hope I am included in the kind appellation?'

'Certainly,' returned Sabina blushing, and withdrawing her hand. 'I have to thank you for much amusement, and the improvement your conversation has afforded me.'

'Sabina, you are going, and I must speak.—I have found it impossible to live in the same house (prepared as my heart was to love you by our worthy hostess), and behold you with indifference.'

'Your piety, your tender attention at the bed of your dying mother, your patient resignation to the will of Heaven when that beloved mother was taken from you, have all been imparted to me by the genuine language of nature. I loved your character before I beheld your lovely person. Just such a wife had I often prayed Heaven to bestow on me. I have no father, no mother. No friends to consult, none to offend.—To my own exertions, my own industry, I trust alone. Providence has hitherto blessed my endeavours. I am partner (an under one indeed at present), but in three years am entitled to a half of a flourishing linen establishment. I have no doubt of success. Would you, my dear Sabina, consent to be mine, it would be a further incitement to industry; and to render you, my sweet girl, happy, would be the constant endeavour of my life. Mrs. Smith has known me many years. Make any enquiries of her or through her you think proper, and I am persuaded you will find I have not deceived you.'

Sabina looked around with the most painful emotions. Words did not immediately offer: at last she returned the following answer, which, as it marks the prudence and simplicity of her character in colours more vivid than my pen can paint, I shall give verbatim.—'You do me much honour, sir, by your favourable opinion; but to accept your offer I must be lost to all sense of gratitude. You say you have no parents, no friends; you depend on your own exertions and the blessings of Heaven for support. May that Heaven prosper your endeavours! But shall Sabina Gayton, an orphan, without parents, without a home, almost without a friend, retard your progress in life? Shall she be a clog to your endeavours to attain that rank in society in which many would find their account? Forbid it honour, and forbid it justice. No, sir; among your equals seek a wife—one whose family and connections may forward your laudable endeavours. As for me, I have neither money, friends, nor connections; and until I can call at least one of those necessary requisites my own I will remain single.'

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SA...

'Noble Sabina! I must think such sentiments, such virtues, will meet their reward. I cannot but admire the motive which prompts the resolution you have taken, though that resolution drives me to despair. But condescend to receive my letters:—suffer me to see you sometimes when I return to London; and if the unkindness of a world which never knows how to appreciate true merit should cause you to change your mind, remember there is one heart at least which beats only for you; one faithful bosom ever open to receive you. Though you may possess neither friends, family, nor connections, yet you must ever possess a heart of more value, and far more acceptable to me, than the riches of both Indies. Then let not new friends nor fresh acquaintance efface the remembrance of him who loves you from a knowledge of your worth—who wishes to become your husband from a hope that he may render you happy.'

'Generous man!' cried Sabina. 'Never shall the heart you are pleased to value know another attachment; never own another lord. A time may arrive, when you can receive my vows with prudence: but if at any future time you meet with a woman you could perfer to the one before you, consider yourself as free, and my best wishes shall attend you and your bride.'

'Amiable Sabina! do not think it possible that the heart which has once acknowledged you for its mistress can ever know a change in its affections.'

The entrance of Mrs. Smith prevented Sabina's reply. She had been placing some ham, and a couple of bottles of her best currant wine, for her nephew, whose door the stage would pass, in a little trunk which Sabina promised to deliver. Sabina left the whole of her little property in the care of her friend, only taking with her a small trunk, containing her clothes, and a few books, which had been her mother's. This box Hool carried to the stage, where seeing it and its fair mistress safely placed, he said, 'Remember your promise!' and stepped back with emotion, to make way for Mrs. Smith, who, kissing the wet cheek of Sabina, said 'There's your watch, my child. Take care of your health, and write to me on your arrival in London, which if you don't like, come back to dame Smith, and we will live and die together—that's all.' Sabina bowed her head—she could not speak. The coach drove off, and the worthy Mrs. Smith and the dejected lover returned mournfully to the little parlour.

Dame Smith had redeemed Sabina's watch some days before, but would not give it her till she was seated in the stage, as she was fearful Sabina would leave the money behind her, as she had done once before; and the good dame well knew that in London Sabina would have need of all she possessed.

CHAP. XVIII.

———'She lets the sullen humour spend,
And with a virtuous book, or friend,
Beguiles th' uneasy hours:
Well colouring every cross she meets,
With heart serene she eats and sleeps;
She spreads her board with fancy'd sweets,
And strews her bed with flowers.'

Dr. Watts.

On Sabina's arriving in Throgmorton-street, she was immediately engaged by Mrs. De le Peair, who asked with much kindness after dame Smith.

Mrs. De le Peair was the mother of two children. Her husband (a Turkey merchant) was in Flanders, and died abroad soon after Sabina became a resident in his family. He left the whole of his property,

amounting to upwards of forty thousand pounds, to his wife. Her children, a son and a daughter, were amiable. Accustomed from infancy to keep their passions in subjection, they were mild and unassuming: sensible of their dependence on the will of their mother, they obeyed her with alacrity; nor was their obedience prompted by interest, for they loved her from principle.

In such a family it was impossible to be unhappy. Sabina's sweet disposition won the hearts of all. Mrs. De le Peair and her daughter distinguished her by their favour. They had always regarded their servants as their fellow creatures: their manners were conciliating to all, but to Sabina they were particularly kind; ever treating her as their friend, they loved her, and loaded her with presents. Three years soon slipped away, when Hool became importunate with her to fulfil her promise. 'You have now,' said he, 'friends and connections; and if you had not, my business will allow me to support you in an elegant simplicity.'

But Mrs. De le Peair's health being then in a declining state, Sabina would not hear of quitting her; but the year following, when the health of that lady was perfectly re-established, and she was informed by Hool of the sacrifices her favourite had made to her convenience, she insisted on her compliance with the wishes of her lover. Mrs. Smith was sent for to be present at the wedding. Miss De le Peair stood bridemaid, and her mother presented the blushing bride with three hundred pounds as a marriage portion. After the ceremony, the company returned to Throgmorton-street, where an elegant dinner was prepared, and the day spent with that decent mirth, that flow of soul, which congenial minds alone are capable of enjoying.

A commodious handsome house had been taken by Hool, and here the worthy dame Smith was commissioned with the title of housekeeper, and lived many years their faithful friend and careful servant.

The connections of Mrs. De le Peair being very extensive, proved of infinite service to Hool. She lived many years their firm friend, and at her death further remembered Sabina by a handsome legacy.

Sabina, respected by her friends, beloved by her husband, blessed in several fine children, almost idolised by the poor, who never went unrelieved from her door, still found a something to convince her that, however hope may flatter or poets dream, this life is not the reward, but the trial, of virtue. Hool possessed a trait of jealousy in his temper, which not unfrequently obscured their otherwise bright prospects with the baleful hue of suspicion. Those fits, indeed, were transient; yet the bare idea of her husband's doubting, though but for a moment, her constancy and virtue, was a thorn which rankled in her pure bosom, and embittered at times her very existence: though to any but a jaundiced eye, her inoffensive life must have proved an antidote to suspicion.

Ever at home, ever cheerful, and ready to contribute to the pleasure and comfort of those about her; instructing her children—clothing the needy—feeding the hungry—comforting the sick—advising the young, herself setting an example worthy of imitation—thus passed her time; cheerful in trouble, patient in suffering—ever doing good.

Many years have since elapsed, yet she still lives surrounded by admiring friends, in an elegant retirement a few miles from the me-

tropolis. Time has convinced Hool of the worth, the prudence, the purity of his Sabina. His heart trusts wholly in her, and he now listens to her praises with delight. Two children alone survive: they are both married, and well settled. They on all occasions speak with the utmost reverence of their mother, whom they equally love and admire. They fervently invoke Heaven to lengthen out the thread of her useful life, and still to preserve the kindly ripened fruit on the bough.

Mary and Gordon, through the kindness of Sabina, came to London, and entered into the business of old Gordon: but the ill habits of profusion and inebriation were still attached to this thoughtless couple. Gordon soon became a bankrupt, and at last was compelled to labour for hire in the warehouse which had been his own. Thus might he date his ruin from the beauty of his wife; for though she preserved her virtue, yet by her follies and extravagance she brought him to misery and want.

Lady Facwett died soon after Mrs. Gayton, and sir Thomas marrying a rich widow in India, and settling in that distant country, all correspondence between him and Gordon ceased. At the age of forty-seven, the unfortunate Gordon sunk to a premature grave, to which his fatal propensity to drink had hurried him. Sabina attended his dying bed with the most tender pity, the most unwearied assiduity. She soothed the pangs of nature with tenderness, and charmed the throbs of guilt with the holy precepts of religion. She mourned his fate, and sighed to think that the man who had begun the race of life with so much dignity, probity, and honour, should slacken in the cause of virtue, and stop so distant from the goal.

Mrs. Gordon received from her sister a weekly allowance sufficient for her comfortable support, but insufficient for the indulgence of those follies which in some measure attended poor Mary till the last hour of her life. Out of fifteen children, only one survived her. The education of this child Sabina herself attended to. She is now the wife of a respectable tradesman in the city of London. Mrs. Westwood has long been dead: John Adams, her second husband, lived to spend the money which ought to have been her children's; and the amiable Sabina has returned ten-fold to them the kindness her mother received from their father, proving the truth of the good old adage, 'a good action ever meets its reward.'

CHAP. XIX.

'Brief let me be.'

SHAKSPEARE.

HAVING brought my story to a conclusion, at least so near one that it would be indelicate to proceed further, the principal character being still alive, I take my leave of the patient reader; and if the lip of beauty has been dimpled by a smile, or the eye of sensibility gemmed with a tear, I am repaid.

This little narrative was commenced in the hour of pain, to amuse the dull monotony of a sick chamber. Could I flatter myself that the reader finds half the amusement in the perusal that I had in the compilation, I should be proud indeed. But methinks I hear some fair novel-reader exclaim—'What a stupid story! no point! no *éclaircissement!* I expected Rebecca to have been claimed by some rich parent.'—'Tis true, dear lady, the dash of a pen might have made her the daughter of a nabob. I could have poured the riches of both Indies

at her feet: nay, I could have created her a princess, and have brought kings from afar to seek her. But I have aimed at relating things as they were, not as they might have been; and behind the resplendent shield of truth I shelter myself from all critics, whether fair or brown, tall or short, handsome or ugly: yet, if further particulars should come to my knowledge they shall be much at the service of those said ladies, if they deign to think ought of mine worthy their notice.

LONDON FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. A LONG dress of plain fine India muslin, the sleeves made of lace and muslin rolleau, intermixed in cross stripes, over a white satin linen: the front made to correspond. Head-dress, a gold bandeau, with a pearl crescent rather on one side: at the back, a drapery of fine nett spotted with gold: necklace and bracelets of gold chain: a circular opera fan of painted ivory. White kid gloves and shoes.

2. A slip of soft white satin or sarcenet, with a body and sleeves of jonquil crape: the sleeves are full, and confined with a narrow band: the body is continued under each arm in a long drapery, terminating in a point and tassel, the whole trimmed with a narrow silver fringe; a trimming to match. Hair dressed in plain bands, with a tiara of pearls or small white beads in front. Necklace and bracelets of small amber beads. Yellow kid shoes, with silver rosettes, and white kid gloves.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PALE olive-coloured promenade coats, of a fine Circassian cloth, are much worn: they are buttoned down the front, cut high in the back, and have open round lappels at the bottom, with a double roll trimming round the arm and wrist. With these are worn full lace tuckers, and double demi-ruffs, *à la queen Elizabeth.* The sashes are of pale salmon colour, or pink sarcenet tied in small bows, with long ends on the right side. The hair is worn close cropped behind, divided on the forehead, and curled on the sides. The shawls are of pale salmon colour, with blue and crimson borders, and are carelessly thrown over the left arm. The gloves and shoes are of straw-colour.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

You will much oblige a constant reader by giving a place in your agreeable and extensively circulated Miscellany to the following *Curious Patent Inventions,* one of which, as you will perceive, is particularly intended for the preservation of ladies, in case of a dreadful accident, which has of late been but too common; and all are calculated to promote domestic convenience and utility.

CURIOUS PATENT INVENTIONS.

DR. CAREY has obtained his Majesty's royal letters patent for the following inventions.

1. A cistern and apparatus, by means of which, a fire, breaking out in a warehouse, &c. immediately

produces a shower of water to extinguish it.

2. A cistern, with an apparatus of a different kind, by means of which, a shower of water is brought down to quench fire in a chimney, on simply pulling a wire over the mantle-piece.

3. A gridiron, which preserves the chimney from danger of fire, and (with the additional advantage of savory cookery) saves the meat from being singed or smoked.

4. A lantern (with a curious lock) for nurseries, stables, &c. The lock is, by means of a bit of paper, effectually secured against being opened without certain detection. It is applicable to all the purposes of a common padlock, and may, by the aid of a simple contrivance, be fastened in a moment, and without injury, to the key-hole of a drawer or door, so that neither key nor picklock can be put into the hole without discovery. By means of another simple contrivance, it will prevent fraudulent exchanges of articles purchased at market, or sent by carriers.

5. A fire-cloak, to extinguish fire in a lady's clothes, or protect a person from the flames in escaping from a house on fire.

6. A soot-trap, or strainer for the the smoke, to prevent the accumulation of soot in chimneys.

7. A soot-trap register-stove, of two different kinds; also a register-top, with a soot-trap, to be fixed on a common stove.

8. A water-trough in the back of a chimney, (kept constantly full by means of a ball-cock) to catch soot, and prevent the danger of fire.

9. An elegant japanned fire-screen, answering also the purposes of a fire-guard, a chimney-board, and an extinguisher for a chimney on fire.

10. A chimney-damper, to extinguish fire in a chimney, by intercepting the draught of a r

11. A water-candlestick and night-light, both of improved construction.

EXTRACT from The SPANIARD;

OR,

THE PRIDE OF BIRTH.

A Tale, by M. Rymer.

THIS ingenious little novel commences as follows:

Every one who has frequented the Strada de Toledo, at Madrid, must have observed the little barber's shop, near the convent of the Carmelites, kept about twenty years ago by little Pedrosa Leandrez, the most facetious good-natured fellow in the whole neighbourhood: the front of this edifice, which was adorned with all the emblems of the profession, although its dimensions towards the street were not more than six feet, was yet capacious enough to exercise the arts, by which its possessor maintained a wife and three children.

Little Pedrosa, besides his knowledge in twisting a mustachio to advantage, was frequently employed in breathing the veins of his sick neighbours, and in extracting carious stumps from their painful and enflamed gums: this last was indeed his forte; he often boasted of his dexterity in the operation, and it must be confessed, that he had had the honour of torturing many of the prettiest faces in Madrid; but on these occasions we must do him the justice to say, that his feelings suffered more than his purse gained: nature had never intended poor Pedrosa for a

son of Esculapius, therefore, he never got rich by practising the art: scenes of misery were no way congenial to his disposition; he felt himself happy, and he delighted to see others so; and when the beauty of a summer's evening induced him to regale the children of the neighbourhood with the sound of his guitar, at his little shop door, Pedrosa forgot that there were such things in the world as pain, disease, tooth-drawing, or bleeding.

Misfortunes are inseparable from humanity; why should I attempt to exempt Pedrosa from them! often a hasty call from a suffering patient, or the heedless caprices of a vain customer, deprived him of his dinner; his wife had two or three times been of a different opinion from himself; and once the boys filled his little shop with smoke, blown in at the key-hole by means of a horn: these might have discomposed a philosopher, but little Pedrosa philosophised upon no subject whatever, and he felt the misfortune no longer than the actual inconvenience remained.

Kings and kingdoms have their revolutions, and we shall see by the sequel, that poor Pedrosa, in his turn, experienced the capricious mutability of fortune.

It was past twelve o'clock, on a very dark night in the month of September, that a loud thundering noise at the door awakened the little barber and his wife from a profound slumber. 'What is the matter?' cried he half asleep; 'what do you want?' 'Get up, Pedrosa, immediately!' said a voice on the outside; 'the Licentiate Signoir Garcia desires you will come immediately to bleed him: he is in the utmost danger; his disorder, I believe, has fallen upon his lungs.' 'I wish it were on yours,' muttered Pedrosa to himself as he jumped out of bed, 'we would not be so disturbed with your impertinent bawling. Tell the Licentiate,' said he, opening the door to the messinger, 'that I shall be with him immediately.'

The Licentiate Signoir Garcia, by indulging too frequently in the pleasures of the table, had become too good a customer to be neglected. 'Holy Virgin have mercy upon his reverence!' said Pedrosa, as he hustled on his clothes, 'I have drawn more blood from him than might have filled the veins of twenty of his generation.'

The night was, as we have observed before, very dark, but little Pedrosa knew every inch of the way which led to the Licentiate's: he safely passed the windings which led to the great gate of the church of San Nicolas; not a passenger was to be seen in the streets, and poor Pedrosa, who never loved solitude, preferred talking to himself rather than preserving a silence, which he felt at all times disagreeable. He had, already, recited the names of above twenty of his customers, with more real devotion than the archbishop of Toledo probably would those of the saints of the calendar, when passing through a small street, he was suddenly interrupted by the figure of a man, who darted with incredible swiftness across the way, with a drawn sword in his hand. Pedrosa had never in his life evinced the smallest symptom of heroism; he stood motionless with terror, and with staring eye-balls, observed the stranger in his hasty passage to have dropped the dark covering with which he had been enveloped. Before he could recover his scattered senses, his terror was redoubled by a noise seemingly made by several persons forcing open the door, through which the unknown person had rushed into the street. 'The holy Virgin protect me!' cried the astonished barber; the ideas of robbery and

assassination crowded into his mind, and he instinctively fell with his face to the ground. In the mean time, the people had succeeded in their endeavours to force their passage to the street; three men with drawn swords, and one armed with a poignard, rushed out. 'It was you, Bernardo,' said one of them, in a furious tone, 'who let him escape; you ought to have plunged your dagger in his heart, rather than have marred such a job:' the others made no reply, for they all four immediately rushed forward to overtake the fugitive object of their vengeance. Poor Pedrosa, whom fear rather than prudence had induced to lie hid from observation, gradually recovered, as he imagined the object of his terror to be removed to a distance; and without wishing to have any thing to do with the adventure, began to creep forwards to the place of his destination. Scarcely had he gone two steps, when he felt his feet entangled in the cloak of the stranger. Though his skin was at that time covered with a copious perspiration, he felt the midnight damp spread its chilling influence over all his body; and as he now fancied himself, every moment, in greater security, the natural good humour of his temper began to exert itself. 'This is a lucky adventure for me,' said he to himself, as he lifted the garment from the ground; 'I shall have a great coat to keep myself from the cold.' By spreading it, and rubbing his fingers over it, he soon perceived it to be the habit of a monk of the order of St. Francis. 'It is the first benefit the holy fathers ever conferred upon me,' thought little Pedrosa, 'and when monks go a rambling.' The cautious barber suppressed the rest: it was certainly an ill-natured sarcasm on the holy community, which, notwithstanding his loquacious propensity, he was afraid of exposing to the open air. Certain it is, that without any further reflection on the adventure, he folded the garment around him, and tucking up, in the best manner he could, the long skirts, which, by hanging on the ground, shewed sufficiently the disparity, in point of size, betwixt little Pedrosa and the former wearer, he proceeded forwards, recommending himself to the holy care of St. Peter, who, he used often to say, had never forsaken him.

It is asserted by some philosophers, that man has a natural propensity to move in a direct line forwards; but little Pedrosa seemed to have been born to give the lie to this assertion. His air in walking, excepting in the rapidity of his motions, resembled nothing in nature so much as a duck's: the simile, though not perfectly exact, may yet be rendered sufficiently illustrative, by observing that poor Pedrosa had acquired such a facility in turning the one side and the other alternately to that point of the compass whither he was bound, that a person from behind would imagine that at every step he intended to alter his course. This kind of motion, concurring with a rapidity of idea, for which Pedrosa was always remarkable, bestowed a considerable degree of friction on his mental and corporeal faculties; and to this kind of motion alone he was, perhaps, indebted for a discovery, of which we shall hasten to give an account.

Pedrosa had not made above twenty or thirty of these extraordinary evolutions, when he perceived something dangling in a small pocket concealed in the inside of his newly-acquired garment; he darted his hand into it to examine the contents, and felt about thirty ducats and a letter, which though neatly folded up, the broken seal showed to have been already examined. No anti-

quarian could boast of a greater share of curiosity than little Pedrosa; indeed this passion was generally carried to such an excess, that it might have been ranked amongst his faults, had it not been made ample amends for, by a still greater propensity to communicate the intelligence he had gained to every person he met with. This thirst after knowledge now suddenly seized the poor fellow, too powerfully to be resisted—'This letter will throw some light upon the business,' said he. The Licentiate Signoir Garcia might die of indigestion if he pleased; the pressing case of the patient, and the sovereign remedy of phlebotomy, were forgotten: Pedrosa had discovered an intellectual repast, which it was not in his power to forego; and all he redoubled his pace for was to procure a place, where he might read the mysterious billet, without any witnesses of his enjoyment; though he was firmly resolved that all his customers should be partakers of that pleasure in the morning.

By the side of the convent of Santa Clara, betwixt that and the great church of the Carthusians, stands a small neglected spot, on which may be still traced the ruins of an ancient Moorish palace: it is at present covered with several large and lofty trees, whose thick shades might have been consecrated, by serving as a retreat to many a pair of happy lovers, were it not for the daily sacrifices there made to the Roman goddess Cloacina the ungrateful odour of which must ever banish from delicate minds all ideas of harmonious enjoyment.

By turning the corner of the street, Pedrosa knew he might arrive at this place in the course of a few minutes; he would have taken a journey of as many hours to have gratified his curiosity, when he imagined he could do it with safety: he therefore no sooner found himself among the thickest of the trees, than striking a light, the implements for which he always carried about him, by the feeble glimmering of a small piece of taper, he made shift to read the following lines:

'Fortune is again the friend of our love! yes, my dear Don Juan! fortune once more permits me to write your name; I say once more, for if I may credit my foreboding fears, we shall soon be separated for ever. My uncle and duenna, for some days past, seem to watch over me with a more scrutinizing eye than usual—if they should have discovered—alas! I know not what I fear—if I must die, come, and let me breathe my last sigh on your bosom; you shall see with what fortitude I can bear the greatest calamities, when folded in your arms, and assured of your constancy: come at midnight in your usual disguise; you shall be anxiously expected by

Your

LUCINDA.'

The reading of this billet but barely gratified the curiosity of Pedrosa: he folded it however carefully up, as a memorial of the adventure; and lest some unlucky accident should occur before he could reach home, he deposited the ducats which he had so singularly acquired in a corner of the hollow of a large tree. It was seldom that poor Pedrosa could boast of so much foresight; but the unexpected possession of riches, in some unlucky moment, introduces avarice into the heart, and avarice makes us cautious.

As there was no other thing now to engage Pedrosa's attention, the lamentable condition of the Licentiate Signoir Garcia darted into his mind, and he arose with alacrity to pursue his route; but fortune seemed to have decreed that the Licen-

tiate should recover, as he actually did, without the little barber's assistance. Whether we may ascribe this to the good constitution of Signoir Garcia, which once more stood his friend, or to the prayers which poor Pedrosa offered up by the way to St. Peter, we cannot pretend to determine. This agreeable circumstance, however, was unknown to little Pedrosa, who made all the haste he could to the relief of his patient; when he met with a much more disagreeable and lasting interruption than the last. Turning an angle of the monastery of St. Francis, with that rapidity which he thought the occasion required, he suddenly justled against an old woman, who was passing along by the side of the wall. 'Heaven have mercy upon me!' said the old woman, as she caught hold of the sleeve of Pedrosa's monkish habit to prevent herself from falling. Unluckily she guessed the character of the garment, and before Pedrosa could disengage himself, she, by slipping her withered arms across his shoulders, became confirmed in her conjecture. 'Santa Maria be praised! holy father,' said she, 'that I have met you: it is a blessed sign of good fortune: who would have thought I should have been so lucky? one ought never to despair! indeed I thought it would be a miracle to meet one of your holy fraternity at this unseasonable hour; but the old gentleman told me that Heaven would help me, and so I kept praying to Santa Maria all the way; for as my first husband used to say'—'Well, well, good woman!' interrupted Pedrosa, a little troubled at the adventure, 'your first husband, God rest his soul, I hope is in Paradise; and the second will not be long in arriving there: but the best thing you can do in this cold raw night, is to go home, to your warm bed, and leave me, in God's name; for I have a long way to go.' 'Santa Maria forbid that I should leave you, holy father,' returned the old woman. Heaven has sent you to the relief of an old gentleman's soul to whom I am attendant, and who is, at this moment, at the point of death—Well! if ever a man deserves heaven by acts of charity, it is he, he has been so generous to me! to be sure, he has plenty of money—what a pity for the poor gentleman's soul to be lost for want of absolution. I dare say, he has a whole closet full of gold; and you know there are a great many charities, which you, holy father, can put him in mind of—and to be sure, it would go very hard with the good old gentleman's soul, if he should forget his poor nurse, seeing that he can take none of his money along with him, and has nobody, that I know of, to give it to: it would make your heart to ache, holy father, to see how I have toiled for this month past in his service; how I have run up stairs and down stairs; and how careful I have been to open the door, every time he came in.—How sorry I should be if the good gentleman went out of this world, without knowing the affection of his poor nurse.' 'Good woman,' returned Pedrosa, who began to tremble at the turn the affair was likely to take, and who had only been prevented from interrupting the old woman's harangue, by reflecting on the means by which he might escape the danger which threatened him. 'Good woman, you have taken me at the worst time in the world; you do not know that I am just now performing a penance, which the Abbot of our monastery has enjoined me. Cold and disagreeable as this night is, I dare not return, until I have six times recited the hymn to the Holy Virgin; said thrice as many paternosters, and double the number of

credos: I can hope in no other way to obtain absolution of the sin I have been guilty of; so that, you see, it is impossible I can accompany you.'

'Heaven forgive the sin, holy father, which lies so heavy upon your conscience,' returned the old woman; 'but of all the things in the world, nothing can give me more pleasure than to hear you recite six times the hymn to the Virgin; nay, I will even stay by you until you have said all those paternosters and credos you speak of; and I believe it will be my wisest way, for I might go through all the streets of Madrid, at this late hour, without meeting with another of your holy profession; for as my first husband used to say—take what you can get.'—'Good woman,' interrupted Pedrosa, commanding his temper, and concealing his uneasiness in the best manner he could, 'we are now but a step from the monastery of the Augustines, and you may easily prevail upon one of the fathers to accompany you.' 'That is all you know of the matter, holy father,' returned the old woman with great vivacity; 'the Abbot of the Augustines and his brethren would not be disturbed, at this hour, for the Infanta of Spain herself: they are, at present, very busily employed, I'll warrant you; and begging the holy fathers' pardons, I know very well what they are about.'

During this dialogue, poor Pedrosa and his tormentor kept walking together to the end of the street. His anxiety to get rid of the fiend that harassed him was become so great, that, curious and communicative as he naturally was, he hardly attended to her garrulity. The effect this uneasiness produced upon the vivacity of his temper was truly ludicrous. 'Cursed old hag!' said Pedrosa to himself as he bit his lip, first shrugged up one shoulder, and scratched it, then the other; sometimes walking with a very quick pace, as if to tire out his disagreeable companion; then creeping along, to exhaust her patience by delay; but all this had no effect upon the old woman, who with a steady eye to her own interest, which, she imagined, would certainly be promoted by Pedrosa's assistance, stood firm to her purpose. At last, the unfortunate little barber, driven almost to despair, tried one scheme more, which he flattered himself would be infallible; and gathering together all the stock of cunning, which nature and art had given him, but which, unfortunately for Pedrosa, was very little; 'Heaven bless you, good woman!' said he, seeming all of a sudden to recollect himself, 'Heaven bless you, and preserve your memory, for with watching and praying I have entirely lost mine. It is not above a quarter of an hour ago since I was called to perform the holy duties of my function to a noble gentleman of Arragon, who now lies at the point of death—I am assured that he is, at this moment, in such a condition as leaves not the smallest room for delay. He is at the last gasp. Poor gentleman, I am afraid I shall be too late. Good night, my good woman, and may the blessing of Santa Maria and St. Francis rest upon you!' Saying this, he endeavoured to walk away as nimbly as he could, without waiting for a reply; but the troublesome old woman, still more tenacious of her purpose, followed him with an alacrity which could hardly be expected from her age. 'Holy father,' said she, as she held by the long sleeve of his garment, 'Heaven bless your charity; I shall be sure to remember the poor Arragonian gentleman in my prayers.—Heaven protect you from evil accidents by the way.—How far has your holy reverence to

go?' 'To the Strada de San Marco,' said Pedrosa, quickly; 'and as it is a long way'—'Santa Maria be praised,' interrupted the old woman, 'the street where my master lives is just close by it; and as the poor gentleman you say is in so very bad a way, he probably may be dead before you arrive there; in which case you shall be at full liberty to go along with me. Santa Maria be praised! it is all in my way to accompany you thither.' No resource now remained for poor Pedrosa; he was confounded, agitated, and vexed beyond description. 'Curse on this foolish old woman! curse on my own folly in dressing myself in this unlucky garment!' muttered he to himself: the old woman imagined he uttered a prayer for the sick gentleman, and closed every sentence of chagrin with a hearty and long sounding Amen.

Fear, and the consciousness of imputed guilt, to a mind unaccustomed to disguise its feelings in the track of vice, render it too often incapable of acting with the appearance of innocence; so that Pedrosa, although had he been really the character he assumed, might have easily got rid of his tormentor: yet, fearful of detection, and trembling at the apprehension of raising the slightest suspicion, his mind was too much harassed to act with the small degree of firmness he naturally possessed. The idea of the punishment, which would inevitably follow the discovery of his real character, after having, as it would be thought, assumed a disguise to perform one of the most holy offices of religion; and the almost certain impossibility he would find in proving his innocence, harassed and distracted his imagination. The poor fellow imagined he had now no other resource but to make his escape by the nimbleness of his heels; and this he determined to do, when they should arrive at the next turning: but the tormenting old hag, as if she actually perceived his design, laid hold of his arm, and kept it so closely linked in her own, that it would have been physically impossible for poor Pedrosa to have deviated a step, without dragging her withered carcase along with him.

After a long walk, the unwilling and agitated Pedrosa arrived with his tormentor at the entrance of the Strada de San Marco; when driven to despair, and seeing no other resource, he determined to make his escape by force. The timid barber had just worked up his mind to this resolution, and was turning about to exercise his newly acquired heroism on his withered antagonist, when he beheld a troop of alguazils who crossed the way, and seemed intending to take the same direction. The moon had now risen, and poor Pedrosa recognised with terror the voice and form of one of his customers, who cried out, 'We crave your blessing, holy father.' Pedrosa slightly nodded, but made no answer. 'This is the Strada de San Marco,' said the old woman, pushing him to the right; 'it is here where the poor Arragonian gentleman lives, if he be still alive. Unfortunately, the alguazils turned the same way; this was enough to determine Pedrosa to abandon it: 'Something from heaven tells me,' said he, in a voice rendered almost inarticulate by fear, 'that he is now dead; let us hasten to your master.' —The old woman seemed to leap for joy; and, eager to take advantage of Pedrosa's compliance, she hurried him along. In a few minutes they halted at the door of a small house, which she immediately opened; and before poor Pedrosa had in any degree recovered from his terror, he found himself ascending a narrow staircase.—'Good Heaven protect my

master!' muttered the old woman; 'how unluckily will it be if we should find him already dead!' The tone and manner of this exclamation showed more of interested regret than compassion: but her fears were soon dissipated by the sound of a violent coughing; and she sprung with alacrity to the door of a small bed-chamber. 'Here, my good and worthy master,' said she, with a voice of the most profound grief, Santa Maria has heard my prayers, for I have brought you the most worthy and most holy father in all Madrid.' Pedrosa entered, and stared around him at every thing in the apartment, which was only lighted by a small lamp, which stood at the bedside of an aged man, seemingly struggling with death. 'It was indeed a miracle,' resumed the old woman, 'to have met with this holy man at such a late hour; but nothing is impossible to Santa Maria, and she always helps me to every thing I have a mind to.' The sick man regarded Pedrosa for a moment, then kissing a small ivory cross, which he held in his hand, he raised his eyes to heaven: 'O thou almighty Power!' said he, 'who hast scourged me in thy wrath, great and manifold are thy mercies; at the hour of death thou hast dawned peace and comfort upon my departing soul!—Holy father,' added he, turning his eyes towards Pedrosa, 'thy presence, and the comfort of thy heavenly council, in my dying moments, were all I dared to pray for: Heaven has heard my request, and I shall end a life of misery and regret, with comparative calmness and tranquillity.—Into thy bosom will I pour the secrets of an agonised mind.' The old woman by this time had left the room, and Pedrosa had seated himself by the bedside of the dying gentleman: his courage was at first the effect of despair; but he was now on the point of obtaining possession of an important secret, a thing at all times pleasing to Pedrosa. He reflected within himself that he should at least be free from detection, while he remained in the apartment: he had escaped discovery by the alguazils, and he determined, the moment he should again breathe the open air, speedily to divest himself of the unlucky garment, which had created to him so much uneasiness. These reflections passed rapidly through the mind of Pedrosa, and served to rouse the small degree of firmness he naturally possessed. Imitating as well as he could the tone of mild sanctified benevolence—'Put thy trust in Heaven, my son,' said he; 'it will never abandon the righteous.' 'True, holy father,' said his sick penitent; 'but I fear I have been guilty: sometimes I fear I have carried what may be termed the prejudices of my education too far; I sometimes fear I have sacrificed too much to the opinion of the world; but Heaven knows my intentions were to preserve unsullied that dignity which God and nature had conferred upon me, by the virtues of a long line of ancestors; virtues equally pleasing to heaven and beneficial to their fellow creatures, and which, till obscured by my misfortunes, shone forth in the persons of their illustrious descendants, bright examples of the dignity of human nature, amidst the darkness of a degenerate age.'

The old man could proceed no farther. The vehemence with which he had uttered these last words was too great for his debilitated form to bear, and he appeared nearly fainting; when Pedrosa pulled from his pocket a small phial, which he always carried about him, to reanimate the courage and spirits of his suffering patients: this he applied to the nostrils of the sick gentleman, and

having made him swallow a few drops, saw with pleasure that he began to revive, and a few moments of rest seemed to re-animate his whole frame. Pedrosa begged if he had any thing on his mind, to reveal it; assuring him that he would find his account in the other world, by a candid confession in this: adding that his prayers should be always directed either for the restoration of his penitent's health, or the repose of his soul. The arguments which Pedrosa used upon this occasion, though not couched in the most elegant form, passed unobserved by the sick gentleman, who seemed wholly absorbed in the retrospection of past events. After a few minutes passed in silence, he desired Pedrosa to seat himself upon the bed. The cautious and inquisitive barber bolted the door of the apartment, and immediately took his station: he bent his head with eager curiosity over the emaciated object which lay before him; the pale glimmering of the lamp exhibited a set of features at once noble and impressive; his eyes, though seemingly about to be closed for ever, were faintly illumined with that animation which habitual dignity of soul seldom fails to inspire. Pedrosa very devoutly formed the sign of the cross upon his large and manly forehead, and again urged him to unbosom himself without reserve. The sick man grasped the sleeve of Pedrosa's habit. 'Hear then,' said he, 'the ignominy of a man whom the world once accounted noble; the misfortunes of him whom mankind had agreed to call happy: if through thy veins, holy father, runs the least particle of hereditary greatness, thou wilt learn how little the conservation of that dignity is in our own power, when Heaven wills the humiliation of the pride of man.—But I forget myself; my time, I feel, is short, and, O holy father! I need thy assistance: listen then to the story of my woes.'

ACCOUNT of the new COMEDY called 'TOWN and COUNTRY; or, WHICH IS THE BEST?' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Tuesday, March 10.

THE characters were thus represented:

Plastic, - - -	Mr. C. Kemble.
Trot, - - -	Mr. Blanchard.
Cosey, - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
The Rev. Owen Glenroy,	Mr. Murray.
Reuben Glenroy, -	Mr. Kemble.
Capt. Glenroy, - -	Mr. Brunton.
Hawbuck, - - -	Mr. Emery.
Hon. Mrs. Glenroy, -	Mrs. Glover.
Rosalie Somers, -	Miss Brunton.
Mrs. Trot, - -	Mrs. Mattocks.
Mrs. Moreton, - -	Mrs. Davenport.

THE PLOT.

Plastic, a dissipated young man of fashion, and *Cosey*, a stockbroker, accidentally meet at the house of Mr. *Trot*, a wealthy cotton-manufacturer, father-in-law to the former. During their stay at that gentleman's country-house, *Plastic* learns that *Cosey* is on his road to Wales, to visit his ward, Miss *Rosalie Somers*, whom he has placed at the house of the rev. *Owen Glenroy*. The two families of *Somers* and *Plastic* are at enmity, on account of a former election contest. *Plastic*, from motives of revenge, forms a base design of attempting to seduce Miss *Somers* (whom he had formerly seen), but not knowing her place of residence, in hopes to discover it, tells *Cosey* he is going the same road, and requests to join him company. Failing in this, he follows him. *Cosey*, after much personal danger, from which

he is rescued by the intrepidity of a stranger, reaches Wales, and recognises his preserver in the person of *Reuben Glenroy*, whose attachment to his ward he discovers. *Reuben*, called upon by the voice of distress during a severe storm of snow, rushes out, and in a short time returns supporting *Plastic*, apparently lifeless—who, when recovered and finding himself in the same house with Miss *Somers*, to further his designs, assumes the name of *Maitland*. Unlooked-for circumstances aid his wishes, and he not only contrives to carry away *Rosalie Somers* from the protection of her friends, but also to make it appear that she consented to an elopement with him, and succeeds in bringing her to town. *Reuben*, after having passed the night on the mountains, succouring the distressed travellers, returns, and hearing that *Rosalie* has eloped with the man he preserved, sinks into apathy, from which he is roused by the intelligence that his brother *Augustus*, by habits of fashionable extravagance, is on the brink of ruin. Hoping to save him from the vortex of dissipation into which he is plunged, he consents to accompany *Cosey* to London. *Rosalie*, notwithstanding all *Plastic*'s caution, eludes his vigilance, and accidentally meeting with *Trot*, is, by that gentleman, placed under the protection of the hon. Mrs. *Glenroy*. *Cosey* and *Reuben* arrive in town: the former gentleman furnishes the latter with the means of relieving his brother's necessities.—*Reuben* loses no time in waiting at his house—meets with Mrs. *Glenroy*, makes himself known, and acquaints her with the purport of his visit; prevails upon her not to go out that evening, and promises to bring her husband home. *Reuben* then goes to a subscription-house for play, where he knows his brother was to pass the evening; and while waiting in an anti-chamber, *Augustus* rushes from the gaming-table, ruminating on his distresses; and goaded by despair, is on the point of committing suicide, when *Reuben* arrests his arm, and prevails upon him to go home to his family, having first learnt from him that he has pledged his commission for a gaming debt to *Plastic*. *Reuben*'s next interview is with *Plastic*. He redeems his brother's commission; and *Plastic*, wishing to know to whom he is so much indebted, listens to *Reuben*'s story, and finds he is known: but *Reuben* still thinking that *Rosalie* has voluntarily left her friends, and that her affections are fixed upon *Plastic*, and having promised that his life should be devoted to her happiness, prevails upon him to sign a written promise of marriage with the lady. *Reuben*, in company with *Cosey*, meets *Plastic* according to appointment, at the house of Mrs. *Glenroy*:—*Rosalie* being introduced, an eclaircissement takes place, which exposes the ingratitude of *Plastic*, and the young lady bestows her hand and fortune on *Reuben Glenroy*. The comic parts of the comedy arise from the incidents which are attached to *Cosey*, a stock-broker and a cockney; *Trot*, a great cotton-manufacturer; and his wife, a would-be woman of ton; *Hawbuck*, a lad brought up in a Yorkshire school; and Mrs. *Glenroy*, a sprightly elegante.

REMARKS.

As Comedy implies a picture or representation of the prominent features of mankind, in which the peculiar virtues, vices, and follies, are displayed, exposed and ridiculed; those dramatic writers deserve most praise who are the ablest in delineating what appears to be the closest copy of nature, without encumber-

ing the scene

With faultless Monsters which the world ne'er saw.

In this view we are pleased and charmed with the admirable writings of Shakspeare, the wit of Congreve, the intrigue and vivacity of Farquhar, and the dry quaintness of Goldsmith, so lasting and so attractive.

In the new comedy of 'Town and Country,' &c. although some may be of opinion that it has not the qualities now described in their very highest degree, yet every impartial observer will readily admit that it has what constitutes a good and a rational entertainment; and that Mr. Morton has been very successful in the two last acts, in evincing some admirable efforts of the nervous and the pathetic. He has very happily contrasted the characters of *Cosey* and *Trot*; the former a strong advocate for the town, and the latter a strenuous pleader for the country. Although the choicest sentiments of this new comedy be not very striking for novelty, yet they arise so naturally and are dressed in such becoming simplicity, that they often make a very lasting impression on the mind. *Reuben Glenroy* bears occasionally a very close resemblance to *Penruddock*: like him, he appears deserted by the object of his fondest wishes; like him, in bitterness of heart he recites the injuries inflicted on his wounded spirit; and, like him, is generously anxious to relieve his treacherous betrayer. This assimilation may, however, be accidental; for, as Mr. Sheridan very truly observes, in his preface to 'The Rivals'—

'Faded ideas float upon the brain like half-forgotten dreams, till the fancy in her fullest enjoyments becomes suspicious of her offspring, and doubts whether she has created or adopted.'

Mr. Morton, with Shakspeare's licence, and scorning the unities, introduces us to *Sir Richard Arkwright*'s spinning jennies in the north—then carries us suddenly into Wales—and afterwards brings us back again, with the same poetical rapidity, to London, where the piece concludes.

The proprietors have been at considerable expence in scenery and decorations; and the success of the piece will, no doubt, amply reward them for their laudable exertions to please.

The performers acquitted themselves in a very laudable manner. Kemble's acting was in his very best style; and Fawcett, Emery, and Blanchard, were very successful. Mrs. Glover and Miss Brunton were very deservedly applauded.

The Prologue and Epilogue (for which, see the poetry) were very well received; the first was spoken by Brunton, and the latter very humorously by Fawcett and Blanchard.

Notwithstanding some designed and illiberal opposition, the piece was given out for a second representation amidst the loudest plaudits.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

THE serious alarm excited by dogs becoming mad in several parts of the town and country, which has very properly drawn the attention of the magistrates, and occasioned them to issue notices requesting that all persons would shut up their dogs, has induced me to send you the following account of the nature and mode of treatment of the *Hydrophobia*, or that dreadful disorder which ensues in consequence of the bite of a mad dog. It is extracted from the new edition of the *London Medical*

Dictionary, written and compiled by the late Dr. *Motherby*. It will probably not be unacceptable to many of your readers*. Yours, &c.

Southwark, Feb. 23, 1807. R. B.

Hydrophobia, a dread of water; is a symptom of the disease caused by the bite of a mad animal; but not peculiar to this disease, nor always attendant on it. The disorder has usually had the same appellation, and is called also *canina rabies, cynanthropia, cynolesia*. Dr. James observes, that this kind of madness properly belongs to the canine genus, viz. dogs, foxes, and wolves, to whom only it seems innate and natural; scarcely ever appearing in other animals, except communicated from these. Dr. Heysham defines it to be an aversion and horror at liquids, as exciting a painful convulsion of the pharynx, occurring at an indetermined period, after the canine virus has been received into the system.

The hydrophobia is a nervous disorder, though attended with some appearances of inflammation. Dr. Cullen places it in the class *neuroses*, and order *spasmi*, and defines it a loathing and great dread of drinking any liquids, from their creating a painful convulsion of the pharynx, occasioned most commonly by the bite of a mad animal. This definition, however, scarcely includes the full idea of the disease; and we would suggest the following as more complete: melancholy, a dread of cold air, of any thing shining, and particularly of water, often arising from the bite of a mad animal. He distinguishes two species.

1. *Hydrophobia rabiosa*, when there is a desire of biting, from being bitten by a mad animal.

2. *Hydrophobia simplex*, without rabies, or a desire of biting.

The principal and original seat seems to be about the stomach, and parts contiguous to it.

The smallest quantity of the saliva of a mad dog produces the disease. The infection may lie dormant for a period, differing according to the habit of the patient, the time of the year, the degree of the disease in the animal, or the place in which the wound is made. If the patient is not of a strong inflammatory habit, and no circumstances intervene, which otherwise affect his health, it seldom takes effect till after about forty days: if in six weeks, or two months, no sign of disorder appears, the patient is usually concluded to be safe. It has been observed, that the nearer the place bitten is to the head, the sooner the symptoms appear. If the part bitten is covered with woollen or leather, the bite is harmless. The dread of water is a symptom in some fevers, and in some particular inflammations (Edinburgh Medical Commentaries, vol. xi. p. 331); and it is highly probable, that in those cases where the poison is said to lie dormant for six or nine months, or even a year, the disease was connected with fever rather than the rabid poison.

When a dog is affected with madness, he becomes dull, solitary, and endeavours to hide himself, seldom barking, but making a murmuring noise, and refusing all kinds of meat and drink. He flies at strangers; but, in this stage, he remembers and respects his master: his ears and head hang down; he walks as if overpowered with sleep; and a bite at this period, though dangerous, seldom conveys the disease. After these symptoms, the dog begins to pant; he breathes quick and heavy;

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* We received this letter last month, but too late for insertion; and though the alarm to which it refers has, fortunately, now almost totally subsided, we think it will still be acceptable to our readers.

hangs out his tongue to discharge a great quantity of froth from his mouth, which he keeps perpetually open; sometimes he walks slowly, as if half asleep, and then suddenly runs, but not always directly forward: at length he forgets his master; his eyes look dispirited, dull, full of tears, and red; his bark is hollow and hoarse; his tongue of a lead colour; he grows faint, thin, and weak, often falls down, again rises, attempts to fly at every thing, and soon grows furious: this second stage seldom continues thirty hours, death by that time putting an end to the disease, and a bite received at this time is the most dangerous.

When the human species are the subjects of this disorder, a slight pain in the wound is first felt, sometimes attended with itching, but usually resembling a rheumatic pain: it extends into the neighbouring parts, and the cicatrix begins to swell, inflames, and at length discharges an ichor; this pain is considered as the primary invariable mark of a beginning hydrophobia. There are more general pains of a flying, convulsive kind, which are said to affect the patient in the neck, joints, and other parts; often a dull pain seizes the head, neck, breast, belly, and along the back-bone: towards the conclusion of the disorder the patient complains of this pain shooting from the arm towards the breast and region of the heart. A lassitude, a dull pain in the head, and a vertigo, soon come on: the patient is melancholy, mutters, is forgetful, and drowsy; his mind seems disordered; his temper irritable and irregular; his slumbers disturbed, and convulsive agitations immediately follow his waking; a deafness is sometimes complained of; the eyes are watery; the aspect sorrowful; the face pale and contracted; sweat breaks out upon the temples; an unusual discharge of saliva flows from the mouth, though the fauces are dry; the tongue becomes foul, and the breath occasionally fetid. The fetor is often only perceived by the patient; and sometimes it attends the discharge from the wound, the dressings of which are said to be frequently black. Besides these, from the beginning, there is a peculiar stricture and heaviness on the breast, a struggling as it were for breath, a sighing, a nausea, and often a bilious vomiting. This oppression of the precordia is one of the constant symptoms of this disorder; it begins, increases, and ends with it. As the above symptoms increase, the second stage advances; a fever comes on, which at first is mild, and attended with momentary horrors, though there is sometimes no fever; sleep is lost, the mind is more and more disturbed, a delirium approaches, and an aversion at first to polished bodies, then to light, afterwards to fluids, is perceived. The air offends if it touches the skin, and the slightest sound is very painful. A constriction of the gullet, with difficulty of swallowing, first occurs; but as yet liquids are freely taken; afterwards, however, they are refused. This symptom augments so visibly, that on the sight of any liquid a horror seizes the patient; and if he strives to drink, spasms, anxiety, and loss of sense follow. As soon as the surface of the liquid is touched, a strangulation in the throat is felt; the stomach is inflated; the larynx is suddenly swelled externally, though the swelling quickly disappears. While liquids are thus rejected, solids are swallowed with tolerable ease; yet this sympton may become so violent as totally to prevent solids also from being swallowed. The patient now mourns bitterly; at times loses all knowledge of his intimate acquaintance; but reason returns at intervals, and he laments his own

calamity: the thirst excites a desire of drink, but he strives in vain to swallow, and soon sinks into the most affecting despondency; he advises his friends to keep at a distance, and it is supposed that he feels an inclination to bite; but this is suspicion only, and it is highly improbable that, with the disease of a dog, he should adopt his manners: biting is the common method by which that animal shows his resentment. The barking like a dog is equally imaginary. As the conclusion approaches, the fever and thirst increase; the eyes are bright and furious; the urine is high coloured, acrid, and in small quantities; the tongue hangs out; the mouth foams; the pulse throbs, strength fails, cold sweats come on, the tightness of the breath increases, and the patient soon expires in spasms, often losing the difficulty of swallowing liquids, for many hours; so that the dread of water is by no means a pathognomonic symptom.

The poison of rabid animals is, like that of the smallpox, secondary in its operation. It lies concealed till, perhaps, by an assimilatory process, its quantity is increased, or from the heat of the body it becomes more active. It is sufficiently certain, that if the part is extirpated soon after the bite, the patient is safe: it is highly probable that the same operation at the first commencement of the inflammation would be equally advantageous.

The disease in dogs is not owing to heat, but is probably produced by their confinement in kennels. In man the disease is exclusively owing to the poison introduced by the wound; but its action is said to be accelerated, probably increased, by fear, grief, or any of the depressing passions. The prognosis is always unfavourable.

If in a disease where remedies are so uncertain we were to draw any prophylactic indications, they would be, first, to prevent the poison from acting, though it exists in the body; secondly, to evacuate it by the most speedy methods.

This disease is peculiarly rare. Some practitioners of the most extensive experience have never seen it; and some have boldly denied its existence. In general, very few of the dogs reputed to be mad are really so; and but a small proportion of those bit by a dog, really mad, receive the infection, as the parts are usually defended by the clothes, and the teeth of the animal are consequently wiped clean before the wound is inflicted. This circumstance has given a delusive credit to many trifling preparations employed as prophylactics. None are to be trusted except excision.

Nature is able to evacuate morbid poisons, if the animal power is supported, or at least no cause of debility gives the poison activity. We should therefore avoid whatever may depress or weaken, and employ every plan to give a tone to the system. The depressing passions are consequently to be counteracted; and should the patient's mind rest on the circumstances of the bite, it should be cheered by every encouraging representation. Perhaps the ridiculous specifics, as eating the liver of the dog broiled, or tying the skin of an hyæna about the arm, may have been useful by inspiring confidence; and avoiding cold and excesses of every kind must be advantageous in every view. Stimulants are useful with the same design; and numerous are the remedies of this kind recommended by the ancients, though condemned by Boerhaave.

We may evacuate the poison from the wound by sucking, by washing it with hot water, by cutting it out, by bleeding with cupping-glasses, by

enlarging the wound, increasing the discharge with suppurating applications, by burning it with gunpowder, or destroying an absorbing surface by a caustic. Each has been employed, and each has had its partisans; but to cut out the part is the only certain remedy, and it is certain at any period previous to the inflammation. If the wound is inflicted so deep that the bitten part cannot be separated, a caustic must be applied to what remains; and though we thus lessen the chance of relief, we should reflect that, at the depth of the wound, the tooth has already lost its venom. Yet such are the horrid consequences, that even the loss of a limb would, in the event of a violent wound from a dog, certainly mad, cheaply purchase security.

It has been supposed that the organs may be sheathed with oil, and absorption prevented, or the acrimony of the poison covered. This plan too has flattered and disappointed practitioners; and the Ormskirk medicine, which is principally an antacid, has had no better success.

When the disease has come on, it has been the object of practitioners to sooth the early symptoms of irritation by opium, or to assist the natural discharge by the more active exhibition of mercurials. Dr. Rush, in his reveries respecting inflammation, thought this disease also inflammatory, and proposed active bleeding. We can trace this remedy in the History of the Academy of Sciences at Paris for the year 1699, p. 58, recommended by Poupart; and we find it also mentioned in the Medical Essays of Edinburgh, vol. 5. part ii. § 51. This also has failed. Later authors have called hydrophobia a putrid fever, and given bark in large quantities, but with the same success.

Opium seems to rest on more rational principles, and two grains, or even a larger dose, given every three hours, seem to have relieved the symptoms, but has done no more. A ptyalism, rapidly excited, and steadily continued, has scarcely succeeded better; and the vinegar, of which four ounces have been directed three times a day, has equally failed. *In short, full, effectual, and* COMPLETE EXCISION *of the wounded part is the only certain means of relief;* AND THIS IS CERTAIN.

PATTERN for an ORNAMENT for a CHIMNEY-PIECE.

AS we have been requested by several of our FAIR CORRESPONDENTS, among others by the lady who signs *Dorothée*, to give a pattern for an ornament for a chimney-piece; and as we are ever desirous to comply with the requests of our readers as far as in our power; we have this month presented them with a pattern of this kind, and intend occasionally to give such.

With respect to the colouring, ladies may exercise their own ingenuity and taste. In the original from which the present pattern was engraved, the figures in the medallion were washed over with a colour composed of gamboge, and a small portion of carmine or lake; those on the sides, and the ornament at the bottom, were coloured to represent bronze, with a mixture of yellow, blue, and black.

ACCOUNT of the TRIAL of SIR HOME POPHAM, by a COURT MARTIAL held on board his Majesty's Ship Gladiator, in Portsmouth Harbour, on Monday, March 6th, &c. on a Charge exhibited against him for quitting

his Station, with the Squadron under his Command, without Orders or Authority from his Superiors.

First Day, Monday March 6.—ON a signal gun being fired at nine in the morning on board the Gladiator, and the usual signal of a jack hoisted at her mizen-peak, the admirals and captains who composed the court-martial, with the several persons necessarily attendant on the trial, repaired on board the ship. The court assembled in the state cabin, and was composed of the following officers:

Admiral Sir W. Young, President.

Vice-Admiral Sir E. Gower,
Vice-Admiral J. Holloway,
Vice-Admiral B. Rowley,
Vice-Admiral Hon. H. E. Stanhope,
Rear-Admiral J. Vathon,
Rear-Admiral Sir J. Coffin,
Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Strachan,
Captain S. H. Linzee,
Captain Thomas Graves,
Captain M. Scott,
Captain J. Irwin,
Captain C. Boyle.

The proceedings commenced by the deputy judge advocate, Moses Greetham, esq. reading, first, the warrant of the lords of the admiralty for the arrest of sir Home Popham, after his arrival in England from South America, in order to his being brought to trial upon the charges alleged against him; and next, by reading the order to admiral sir William Young, for holding the court-martial; which is as follows:

By the commissioners for executing the office of lord high admiral of the united kingdom of Great-Britain and Ireland, &c. &c.

Whereas by an order, dated the twenty-ninth of July 1805, sir Home Popham, then captain of his majesty's ship Diadem, was directed to take under his command his majesty's ships Belliqueux, Raisonable, Diomede, Narcissus, and Leda, the Espoir sloop, and Encounter gun-brig, for the purpose of capturing the enemies settlements at the Cape of Good Hope, in conjunction with the troops under the command of major-general sir David Baird, which settlements were surrendered to the ships and troops aforesaid, in the month of January, 1806. And whereas it appears by letters from the said sir Home Popham to our secretary, dated the thirteenth and thirtieth of April following, that, with a view to attack the Spanish settlements in the Rio de la Plata, he did withdraw from the Cape the whole of the naval force which had been placed under his command for the sole purpose of protecting it, thereby leaving the Cape, which it was his duty to guard, not only exposed to attack and insult, but even without the means of affording protection to the trade of his majesty's subjects, or of taking possession of any ships of the enemy, which might have put into any of the bays or harbours of the Cape, or parts adjacent; all which he, the said sir Home Popham, did, notwithstanding that he had received previous information of the enemy's ships being in the neighbourhood of the Cape; and notwithstanding that he had been apprised of a French squadron that was expected at the Mauritius, of which he informed us by letter to our secretary, dated ninth of April, 1806, only four days prior to his departure from the Cape for the Rio de la Plata. And whereas it appears to us, that a due regard to the good of his majesty's service imperiously demands that so flagrant a breach of public duty should not pass unpunished; and whereas by our order, dated the twenty-eighth of July, 1806, rear-admiral Stirling was directed to send the said sir Home Popham to England, which he has done accordingly; and whereas sir Home Popham was, on his

arrival, put under an arrest by our order, and is now at Portsmouth, awaiting his trial.—We send herewith, for the support of the charge, the necessary papers.

And we do hereby require and direct you forthwith to assemble a court-martial, which court (you being the president thereof) is hereby required and directed to inquire into the conduct of, and try the said captain sir Home Popham for the offences of which he is charged accordingly. Given under our hands this second day of March, 1807.

Thomas Grenville.
H. Neale.
Thomas F. Freemantle.

To William Young, esq. Admiral of the Blue, and second officer in command of his Majesty's ships at Portsmouth, at Spithead.

By command of their lordships,
W. Marsden.

The following list of witnesses summoned upon the trial was then read:

Lord Melville,	Captain Parker,
Lord Whitworth,	Laughlan M'Lean,
Mr. Huskisson,	Lieutenant Madden,
Mr. Sturges Bourne,	Captain Dundas,
Mr. W. Marsden,	Mr. Thomas Browne,
Captain King,	Mr. Thomas Wilson,
Captain Edmunds,	Mr. Hollingsworth.

The charge was supported by eighteen official documents, which were severally read.

Second Day, Saturday March 7.—Sir Home Popham signified his wish to be allowed till Monday to prepare for his defence, for which he stated his reasons; and the court, having taken them into consideration, assented to his request.

Third Day, Monday March 9.—The court opened about nine, when sir Home Popham entered on his defence, which continued till near one. His address was both argumentative and eloquent, and he maintained that the charge was as extraordinary and unprecedented as was ever submitted to a court-martial. He could not help thinking it strange, that he should be brought to trial for having employed the means placed at his disposal in making a successful attack on a possession belonging to the enemy, instead of suffering them to remain inactive and dormant. Nor did he conceive that it was less unprecedented to criminate an officer, entrusted with a command of some importance, for having exercised that discretionary power, without which no service could be carried on with energy or effect, when the result of such an act, so far from having been attended with any ill consequence, was, on the contrary, glorious to his majesty's arms, and honourable to the country. Nor had he the smallest hesitation to assert, that if the administration by which he was selected for the command he had the honour to hold had still remained in power, he should have received thanks and approbation, instead of having been superseded, recalled, and then very unexpectedly put under arrest and brought to trial. He had to observe, that it seemed rather singular no notice whatever of an intention to bring him to trial was intimated to him when first ordered home from the Rio de la Plata. Had the design of his prosecutors been then known to him, he might have procured a variety of evidence highly important to his case. He would undertake to shew that not only an expedition to South America was a favourite object with Mr. Pitt, that he had it in contemplation, and actually took some steps to carry it into execution in the course of his former administration; but that he never lost sight of it, being only restrained from attempting the execution of it by political reasons, which no longer existed when he felt it his duty, for the interest of his country, to proceed from the Cape of Good Hope

upon this long projected expedition. As to the discretion he exercised, he trusted he need not say, were not our naval and military commanders employed on foreign service, in distant quarters, allowed a latitude for the exercise of their discretion, what ill consequences would often arise to his majesty's service. He mentioned the *coup de main* which put the British crown in possession of Gibraltar. Sir George Rooke had no orders for undertaking that bold enterprize, nor was he arraigned by his superiors at home for having exercised his discretion on that occasion. In the American war, sir Peter Parker and general Dalling, the then naval and military commanders at Jamaica, concerted an expedition against the Spanish settlement of Omoah, which was to a certain degree successful. No blame was attached to either of those officers for having directed this attack without orders. At the beginning of the late war in 1793, lord Hood entered Toulon, and afterwards attacked Corsica, without orders, and against the opinion of the general, who would not co-operate with him: yet that admiral was not brought before a court martial for having so acted; nor was it ever known that his conduct was censured. In 1796. lord St. Vincent (then sir John Jervis) sent the heroic Nelson to attack Teneriffe, in consequence of information which he received, that two ships had loaded their treasure there.—But that enterprize, though productive of a great effusion of British blood, was not censured. These precedents clearly proved the existence of that discretionary power on which he had acted. But he had yet to cite a case still more in point, since the officer whom he was going to mention commanded on the very station which he was accused of having left unprotected, and who actually prepared to embark the troops on board his squadron, with which he was ready to sail from the Cape to the Rio de la Plata, in order to attack those identical settlements which were the objects of his enterprise. The late sir Hugh Christian had carried his intention so far as he had stated, when an account reached him from India, stating the urgent necessity of sending the military reinforcements to our army in the Carnatic. After dwelling upon various other points in his favour, sir Home concluded with an animated appeal to the justice and liberality of the court.

The examination of evidence for the prisoner then commenced. Lord viscount Melville, Mr. Sturges Bourne, and Mr. Huskisson, gave their respective testimonies. The former stated that the administration of which he had made a part had several communications with general Miranda, with respect to his projects on South America; and that he knew with certainty that sir Home Popham had been employed confidentially by that cabinet. Mr. Huskisson stated the different interviews sir Home had had with the late minister and himself on the subject of South America, and the anxiety expressed by Mr. Pitt to make use of the naval superiority of the country for the purpose of obtaining an advantage there, and admitted that it had been constantly an object that was deemed very desirable.

Fourth Day, Tuesday March 10.—The court having met at nine o'clock, resumed the examination of witnesses. Mr. Marsden, secretary to the admiralty, was the first evidence; but what he stated was not material to the cause. Mr. Wilson, a merchant of London, concerned in the trade to Rio de la Plata, deposed, that he had strongly pointed out to Mr. Pitt and the privy council the propriety of

making a conquest in that part of Spanish America, and also that he had several conversations on the subject with sir Home Popham. Mr. Brown, master attendant at the Cape, and captain King, of the Diadem, stated, that although the whole of the naval force was taken away by sir Home, the Cape was notwithstanding left in perfect security, from its excellent state of defence.

Fifth Day, Wednesday March 11. —The president, as soon as the court had opened, having asked sir Home Popham whether he had any other evidence to advance? He replied, that he had it in his power to produce several other witnesses; but, from the time the trial had already occupied, and from an unwillingness to trespass further on the attention of the court, he would decline any further evidence, if the court should think it unnecessary. He then presented a list of papers, which he wished to have read in his defence, and entered on the minutes. Those which included his correspondence with the admiralty were admitted by the court; but others were considered as inadmissible evidence.

Sir Home Popham then addressed the court in the following terms:—

'I here close my defence, and throw myself entirely upon the justice and wisdom of this honourable court. I have suffered much in my feelings and character; but I do trust and hope your judgment will relieve the one and rescue the other. If, in my zeal for the service, I have exceeded the limits of due discretion, I trust it will appear that I was solely actuated by an anxious desire to promote the interests, the honour, and the glory of my country. Aided by my brave followers, and under the protection of Divine Providence, I was put into possession of two capital cities, in two different quarters of the globe. Upon an examination of my defence, I trust it will be found that

> 'The head and front of my offending
> Hath this extent—no more.'

'I retire, trusting in your wisdom and justice for my honourable acquittal.'

Sir Home Popham having, with his friends, withdrawn, about eleven o'clock, the court was cleared, and, after four hours' deliberation, was again opened; when sir Home having taken his place at the foot of the table, the members being covered, the judge advocate proceeded to read the sentence as follows:—

'This court having maturely considered the nature of the charges, heard all the evidence, and having fully deliberated upon the whole of this case, are of opinion, that the charges have been proved against the said captain sir Home Popham; that the withdrawing, without orders so to do, the whole of any naval force from any place where it is directed to be employed, and the employing it in distant operations against the enemy, more especially if the success of such operations should be likely to prevent its speedy return, may be attended with the most serious inconvenience to the public service, as the success of any plan, formed by his majesty's ministers for operations against the enemy, in which such naval force might be included, may, by such removal, be entirely prevented. And the court is further of opinion, that the conduct of the said captain sir Home Popham, in withdrawing the whole of the naval force under his command from the Cape of Good Hope, and the proceeding with it to the Rio de la Plata, was highly censurable;—but in consideration of circumstances, the court doth adjudge him to be *only severely reprimanded*—and he is accordingly hereby severely reprimanded.'

POETICAL ESSAYS.

PROLOGUE

To the new Comedy of 'Town and Country; or, Which is Best?'

Written by Mr. Taylor.

'FASHION in every thing bears sov'reign sway,'—
Says the gay record of a peaceful day;
And still, though dread convulsions shake the Ball,
Before her throne conflicting nations fall.
Howe'er they else may differ, each agrees
In full accord with her august decrees;
Decrees she changes with the passing wind,
Yet all in turn a prompt obedience find.
E'en Britain, that all other force disdains,
Submits to her caprice, and courts her chains.
Shall then a Bard with rash presumption tow'r,
And dare rebel 'gainst her imperial pow'r?
Yes—let the subject world the sway confess
Of this wild Tyrant o'er the realms of Dress,
But let her baleful licence ne'er annoy
The sacred confines of domestic joy;
Ne'er tempt the husband wayward chance to try,
Where Ruin hovers o'er the fatal die;
Or, wrapt in Gallantry's alluring 'guise,
The slighted wife's unguarded hour surprise;
When Fashion thus employs her direful art,
To warp the passions, and pollute the heart,
The scenic Muse her empire should disown,
Indignant rise, and pull her from her throne;
And hence our zealous Bard, no stranger here,
Attempts to check her in her mad career:
Well may he hope to gain in such a cause,
What oft before has cheer'd him—your applause.
Then aid his effort for so just an end,
And Fashion may appear as Virtue's friend;
So shall your kindness lead our rising youth
To honest Nature, and to simple Truth.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Written by Mr. Colman.

Enter Trot and Cosey (*squabbling a little before entering*).

Trot.—THERE's a dispute, good folks, between us two,
Cosey.—Which, with your leaves, we'll argue before you.
Trot.—Now for the question—
Cosey.— . . . . That is soon express'd;
Trot.—Namely—
Cosey.— . . 'The Town,
Trot.— . . . . . . And Country;
Both.— . . . . *Which is best?*'
Trot.—Give me the Country—I shall trundle down
With rapture:
Cosey.— . . Yes.—You leave your wife in Town.
Your back once turn'd, she'll spin away your guineas;
Then who's to bring you more?
Trot.— . . . . My spinning Jennies.
Cosey.—But tell me what the Country boasts?—
Trot.— . . . . Its hills,
Dales, lawns, and groves, and streams for cotton-mills;
Walks through plough'd fields, to circulate your blood.—
Cosey.—Curse Country dirt!
Trot.— . . . . And damn the London mud!
I'm for green banks, far from the deaf'ning cries
Of Dust-ho! Matches! Muffins! Sweep! Hot Pies!
E'en Sunday, though it checks the week-day yell,
Can't save your ears from Milk! and Mackarel!
Cosey.—I'm for St. Mary Axe, remote from sounds
Of Bullocks, Mastiffs, Asses, Hogs, and Hounds.
E'en Ploughmen, like their brutes, mar Sunday's calm,
Taught, by their snuffling clerk, to twang a Psalm.
As to your banks, however green they grow,
The Bank of England is the best I know.
Trot.—Vying with us, can Town the Country beat?
What are the London Crops to Crops of Wheat?

Your stocks yield cash; *Ours* punish vice and sloth;
And we're *secur'd by Government in both.*
Cosey.—With much the Country claims, the Town compares;
'Change Alley boasts not only Bulls, but Bears;
In lieu of Fallow Deer, we've City Bucks,
And frequently (I grant they're lame) we've Ducks;
While the west-end of London owns a breed of
More Rooks and Pigeons, than the Town has need of.
Trot.—No more of London follies, fogs, and smokes!
Place me, say I, beneath my Country's Oaks;
Where, while their leaves a sacred shade dispense,
I cry, Hail, England's beauty and defence!
Whose branches decorate our hill and plain,
Whose trunks declare us Masters of the Main:
Doom'd by the axe to vegetate no more,
They form the Wooden Walls of Britain's shore.
Cosey.—Away with rural life! A life of voids!
Place me, say I, among the folks at Lloyd's;
Where, though with noise of business almost stunn'd,
I cry, Hail England's Patriotic Fund!
Whose store a Nation's opulence imparts,
Whose aim denotes a Nation's glowing hearts.
Blest Wealth! that gives our wounded Tars relief,
Or soothes their Widows' and their Orphans' grief.
Trot.—Come, since the bulk of Britons shew such spirit,
Let's own *both* Town and Country have their merit.
Cosey.—Strike hands! Agreed! Let Englishmen ne'er doubt on't,
But stick together, in the Town, or out on't.
May unanimity ne'er be forgotten!
Thrive all our Trades!
Trot.— . . . . Particularly Cotton!
Cosey.—(*coming forward*)—Say, then, with us, to-night, if so it please ye,
Success to Town and Country!
Both.— . . . . . . And we're easy.

AIR,

Sung by Miss TYRER, in the Comedy of TOWN *and* COUNTRY; or, *Which is Best?*

LLEWELLIN, with his Patience dear,
Was join'd in wedlock's band:
When war's alarms assail his ear,
The foe invades the land.
He march'd among
The valiant throng,
All proud of heart was she;
And smiling cried,
My lovely bride,
I'll soon return to thee.
Oh, Eren wyle,
I'll soon return to thee.

She hears the drum, the victors cry,
Your laurels now prepare;
She views their march with eager eye—
Her lover is not there.
His knapsack blue,
Shot thro' and thro',
They laid down on her knee,
And sighing cried,
Ah, luckless bride!
He'll ne'er return to thee.
Oh, Eren wyle,
He'll ne'er return to thee.

She lost her love—she lost her wits;
She hasten'd far away:
And now on Snowdon's clift she sits,
And wildly sings her lay.
My eyes I strain
Across the plain,
In hopes my love to see;
My joy, my pride,
Behold thy Bride,
Oh, sweet, return to me.
Oh, Eren wyle,
Oh, sweet, return to me.

AMOROUS EFFUSION OF AN OLD MAN.

HAD I but wealth, beauty, and vigor of youth,
Fair EMMA's affection to move,
I'd woo the sweet maid in the accents of truth,
With the ardor of juvenile love.

But Venus ne'er smil'd at my birth; and the pride
Of beauty has never been mine.
With a frown, niggard Fortune her boons has denied,
And dooms me ungifted to pine.

With wrinkles has Time deeply furrow'd my brow,
My temples has frosted with grey,
My bosom has chill'd with the coldness of snow,
And my vigor impair'd by decay.

Ah me! what remains, but to utter this pray'r,
With fervor conceiv'd in my heart—?
That Heaven propitious may smile on the Fair,
And bounteous each blessing impart.

May I live to behold her consign'd to the arms
Of a younger, a happier swain,

More worthy, than I, to be blest with her charms,
And bind her in Hymen's soft chain.

Meantime—to the maxims of prudence attent,
And repressing untimely desire—
Still silent and hopeless, let *me* be content
To listen—to gaze—to admire.

SENEX.

To Miss R. H. the Authoress of THE MAN TO MY MIND, which appeared in the Supplement.

THO' the fashion the vows of a cheat may approve,
And sanction a marriage divested of love;
How soon all Felicity's dreams will miscarry,
If Love should be out of the way when you marry.

No wonder, dear girl, it a task you should find,
To discover at *this day* a *man to your mind;*
The times are much alter'd, *man*kind all grown scurvy,
And the world, as for it, it's turn'd quite topsy-turvy.

Some hundred years back no such thing as deceit
Was practis'd in love by the *common* or *great;*
But now, as of faith I'm a Christian receiver,
'Tis the *fashion* to win a girl's heart, and then—leave her.

If a *Buck*, as parading or lounging the street,
Should an emblem of Innocence happen to meet,
He addresses and quizzes her void of confusion,
And thinks that his consequence sanctions intrusion.

When a *Blade* pays his court to a woman of fashion,
By appearances dazzled, he whispers his passion;
But if once he discovers she only has merit,
He declines all attentions in future with spirit.

When a lovely young damsel's address'd by a *Spark*,
No matter if *merchant, man, master,* or *clerk;*
She will find, when her swains in rotation have *canted*,
That it was not her *heart*, but her *money* they wanted.

But attend, and I'll tell you a way to discover
A man that would suit you, R. H. for a lover;
On whom you might make a few solid reflections,
And at last, void of fear, bestow all your affections.

As thro' Life's vary'd road you are trudging along,
Always shrink from the man that has got *too much* tongue;
For tho' *women*, when noisy, are reckon'd a curse,
Yet a *man* that's a scold is *ten thousand* times worse.

And seek not for him that's a slave to his pelf,
But for one that will love *you* instead of *himself;*
Whose looks and whose actions may always impart
The feelings that glow in his eyes and his heart.

Who o'er misery's pang with benevolence grieves,
As he sheds a kind tear o'er the fate he relieves,
And who thinks that the plenty that's sent him by Heav'n,
To the poor wretch in need, should in mercy be giv'n.

When united for life to a husband like this,
Whose love and whose virtues will breathe in his kiss,
As with transport you clasp him, you'll certainly find,
That at last you have met with a *man to your mind.*

C. B. B.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

Written on the Approach of Winter, 1806.

By W. M. T———.

(These Stanzas were printed incorrectly, and without the Author's consent, in '*La Belle Assemblee*,' No. 11.)

BARE are the boughs where clust'ring foliage grew,
And loud the chilling wind howls o'er the plain;
The hedge-row shines no more with morning's dew,
But falls, with heavy sound, the patt'ring rain.

Another Summer of my youth is gone,
Nor left a trace to say it once was mine;
In Folly spent, its golden hours have flown,
Or lost at laughter-loving Pleasure's shrine.

I fondly hoped to cull the classic page,
Or woo stern Science in her sombre cell:
Still meaner thoughts each passing day engage,
And e'en neglected lies the Muses' shell.

Yet I had hop'd to form a raptur'd strain,
Might bid my memory triumph o'er the tomb—
But Genius flies from Pleasure's brawling train,
And seeks the shadowy glen 'mid ev'ning's gloom.

'Tis hers to climb the mountain's craggy steep,
And gaze upon the scene that glows around;
To bend, astonish'd, o'er the foaming deep,
Or list with horror to the tempest's sound.

'Tis hers, reclin'd beneath the moon's pale beam,
To give the passing air a living form;
Or, wilder'd in Imagination's dream,
To view the angry Spirit of the storm.

Yet what avails her pow'r, her thoughts refin'd!
They only give a keener sense of woe;
Far more sereneness feels the humble mind,
Than they whose breasts with Genius' throbbings glow.

Then be it mine, amidst domestic joys,
To live retir'd, nor feel Ambition's flame:
Its wild controul the bosom's peace destroys,
And arduous is the path which leads to fame!

But happy he, with calm Contentment bless'd,
Who gazes raptur'd on an infant train,
Clasping a lov'd Companion to his breast,
Who gives each pleasure zest, and soothes each pain.

Be mine his bliss! in some sequester'd shade,
Far from the world, its follies, and its crimes!
Be mine to mark life's latest shadows fade,
Whilst Nature's lore my humble joy sublimes.

Tho' not forgot should be the simple lay,
That oft hath charm'd misfortune's heavy hour—
Still, Poesy! I'd court thy heavenly sway,
Still should my willing bosom own thy power!

ELEGY

To the Memory of Mrs. *Mary Robinson*, written after reading her Life and Poems.

By W. M. T——.

SPIRIT of Sensibility and Love!
Doom'd by stern Fate to many a pang severe,
The sting of Malice, Envy's scoff to prove,
And shed for Man's ingratitude the tear!

O! had I known thee! known the feeling soul
Which thus could wake Affection's dulcet lyre;
Thou ne'er hadst felt Misfortune's harsh controul,
Nor Poverty have damp'd thy Muse's fire.

O! had I known thee! to my bosom prest,
Thou shouldst have warbled many a love-taught lay;
Whilst I, reclin'd upon thy swelling breast,
Had sigh'd the rapture which I could not say!

And when thy feeling heart had ceas'd to beat,
No other love thy memory should profane;
For in what breast do *thy* affections meet?—
'Thy like, thou tender maid! we ne'er shall see again *!'

STANZAS ON MY OWN FATE.

ADDRESSED TO MY SISTER.

By W. M. T——.

AH! sad, my dear girl! are the thoughts which arise
When I think on my days yet to come;
When I think, where I hop'd to find unchanging joys,
I shall meet with Misfortune's chill gloom.

Yes, yes, my Maria! too well I can feel
That this breast is e'er doom'd to know sorrow;
That, heedless of wealth, to-day from me shall steal,
Nor prudence provide for to-morrow.

That the vot'ry of Fancy, to passion a slave,
With a heart that's unconscious of guile,
I shall e'er be the dupe of each mean plodding knave,
And the prey of each villain's dark wile.

That when, 'midst the crowd of dull mortals, to stray
And seek riches should be my desire;
I shall list to the sounds of the soul-thrilling lay,
Or strike the soft chords of my lyre.

That too proud (with the hope of a ne'er-dying name)
At the shrine of the Great to importune,
Grim Want shall assail me—Disease waste my frame—
The child of the Muse and Misfortune.

O! Poesy! why thus thy votaries use?
Why give them to mis'ry and care?
Why must he who the meed of the Poet pursues,
His folly and poverty share?

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* Sotheby's 'Fancy Sketch.'

FOREIGN NEWS.

Official Report, dated Elbing, Jan. 29.

'THE intended junction between marshal Bernadotte and marshal Ney, the former of whom marched in the night between the 24th and 25th from Elbing, has been interrupted on the retreat of the latter near Mohringen, in consequence of the expeditious and unexpected arrival of the combined Russian and Prussian corps. In the enemy's retreat near Mohringen, Liebstadt, and Saalfeldt, 4,000 of them were taken prisoners, ten pieces of cannon, and two stands of colours, as well as the whole baggage of marshal Bernadotte. The brave lieut.-general Von Anrepp, however, of the Russian corps, has been killed by a musket ball.

'Marshal Bernadotte has been driven back, by the persevering advance of our forces, into the forests of Strasburg, 20 leagues from Elbing; and marshal Ney to Przasnicz, in New East Prussia. The former is completely surrounded; but the latter has joined prince Murat, and the combined army will shortly give them battle. The Russian army is commanded by the general in chief Von Bennigsen, and consists of ten divisions, or upwards of 200,000 men, which will be joined in a fortnight by Hetsmann Platou, with 20 pieces of riding artillery, and 30,000 Cossacks.

'Position of the ten divisions of the army:—

'1. General Von Essen, with 40,000 men, stands near Brochi and Wissocki, in Macomiecki, New East Prussia.

'2. Major-general Sedmoratzky, with 20,000 men, near Johannsberg, Cloys, and Nickolaiken, between the lakes.

'The remaining seven divisions, which are fronted by two van-guards and a corps of cavalry, have their left wing extended towards Neidenberg and Passenheim, with their right toward Eylau.

'General L'Estocq is posted from Saalfeldt to Reisenberg and Marienwerder.

'According to some reports, for the veracity of which we cannot, however, altogether vouch, a large corps of Cossacks and Calmucks is shortly to come from Pillau, through the district of Dantzic, to act against the insurgents.'

The counsellor Theveust writes as follows to the government of Dantzic. His dispatch is dated Marienwerder, January 27:—

'On the 24th and 25th of January, two actions took place at Mohringen, in which the divisions of Ney and Bernadotte were almost destroyed or dispersed, and the remains of the latter officer's corps is cut off. Murat is wounded and taken, Bernadotte severely wounded, Rapp killed, and general Fourbier made prisoner.

'Bonaparte is ill at Warsaw of a nervous fever. The Polish insurgents are in a wretched condition. The contributions of Elbing, amounting to sixty thousand crowns, are re-taken at Mohringen, with the entire equipage of Bernadotte.

'The first are at Marienwerder; the Russians are at Culm; the blockade of Graudentz is raised; the bridge of Thorn has been carried away by the ice, which renders the passage of the French across the Vistula very difficult.

'Lannes has lost both his legs; 6,000 French are killed, and 4,000 wounded. The victory was obtained by the arrival of the two corps of Bennigsen and L'Estocq. A general engagement is expected. General Victor, who has been made prisoner, is arrived at Dantzic.'

'*Dantzic, Jan.* 31. A battle has taken place between the French and the combined Russian and Prussian armies, near Mohringen and Saalfeld; besides 4,000 prisoners, the French have lost 6,000 killed and wounded. The corps of marshals Ney and Bernadotte may be considered as cut off, or dispersed and destroyed. The Prussians have entered Marienwerder. Murat and Bernadotte are said to be severely wounded, and Bonaparte himself is sick at Warsaw of a nervous fever. Graudentz has been blockaded by Hessian and Darmstadt troops, but they had been forced to fly with loss. The Rusians are said to be in Culm; the French will find some difficulty in crossing the Vistula with their cannons and baggage. The bridge at Thorn is said to be carried away by the ice. This gives room to hope great things, but no decisive battle has taken place as yet. We should hope the French right wing will not be able to retrieve the bad situation of the left. The most authentic accounts state the insurgents to be 14,000 men, under Dombrowski; they are ill armed, and look miserably. Krigsrath Peyelin, who had been commissioner to the Russian army, accounts for Buxhovden not supporting Bennigsen at Pultusk, in the following way: Kaminskoy, who left Pultusk on the morning of the battle, wrote to Buxhovden, before departing, that all was lost, and advised him to make the best retreat he could immediately. Upon this, Buxhovden, who was advancing, halted, and commenced his retreat. Kaminskoy is grown insane, of which the foregoing is a proof. Buxhovden has since been recalled, and Bennigsen commands in chief.'

'*Warsaw, Feb.* 2. The emperor continues his short excursions. Yesterday he passed the night at Willenberg, and this morning he left it again. We have not fallen in with any of the enemy's advanced posts.

'An order of the day prohibits the admission of any Prussian officers into Berlin, who, being prisoners of war, leave their stations contrary to their parole of honour.

'The Tartar Ibrahim, a janizary, and the Greek Stephani Alexandrake, have passed through this city, on their way to Holland, from whence they will continue their journey to England.

'All that we have advanced relative to the rupture between Russia and the Porte is confirmed by official letters received by the Turkish minister in this city. The Greek courier, and the Tartar, have brought dispatches respecting this event to M. D'Argiropolo, and state, that besides the troops on the shores of the Danube, which are very numerous, the grand vizier himself will soon join them with a respectable force.

Vienna, Feb. 4. The court gazette of this day contains the following article, under the head Turkey:—

'On the 22d December, the declaration of war by the Sublime Porte against Russia took place: the gates of Constantinople were in consequence shut for some days.—Since the surrender of Belgrade, nothing of importance has passed between the Turks and the Servian insurgents. The report of a formal treaty of peace having been concluded between the Porte and the chiefs of the Servians is entirely unfounded. The Russian advanced guards have already approached Widdin, to which Paswan Oglou has retired. Up to the 7th of January, no action had taken place between the Turks and the Russians, neither on the Moldau nor in Wallachia; only a few straggling parties of the Ayan of Rudschuk have been repulsed and cut to pieces.'

Warsaw, Feb. 4. At the battle of Eylau, in which the French gained a complete victory, his imperial majesty commanded in person. The victory was so much the more brilliant, as the Russians fought with obstinacy. One of the emperor's adjutants is killed, and marshals Lannes and Augereau are slightly wounded. A great Russian corps is said to have been cut off.

Jassy, Feb. 7. The Russian army, under general Michelson, seems to be marching to Constantinople. It is now at Georgia, on the road to Widdin. Near this place a battle has been fought between the Russians and a body of 10,000 Turks, who were defeated.

The Russians, on this occasion, lost 3,000 men. The Russian fleet, which appeared in the Black Sea, it is said, is destined to occupy the mouth of the Danube.

Thorn, Feb. 14. Marshal Lefevre attacked general Roquette on the 11th of February, at Marienwerder. The latter had seven squadrons of cavalry, one battalion of infantry, and four pieces of cannon. The enemy was routed at all points, and pursued, sword in hand, more than four leagues. The road was covered the whole way with dead and wounded. General Roquette was indebted for his escape to the swiftness of his horse.

Banks of the Main, Feb. 14. The Russian empire having put the whole of its forces in motion, in the French empire, and in the states of its allies, dispositions have been made which are not less formidable. No French army was ever seen in the field so strong as the present is about to be made. The new conscription has been attended with the greatest success, and the troops are incessantly marching towards the army. At first 20,000 men were destined to form the army of reserve, but by a new order, this plan has been changed, and all these troops will join the grand army. All the states of the confederation of the Rhine are obliged to have their contingents always complete, and it is said that in case of necessity they will be obliged to furnish the one-half of them to the French army. It is asserted also, that Naples and Switzerland, in capacity of allies of France, must send troops into the field; and that the kingdom of Naples alone will furnish an army of 30,000 men.

Warsaw, Feb. 14. The battle of Eylau lasted from eight in the morning till six in the evening. The combined Russian and Prussian army first began the engagement with three French divisions, which, on this occasion, added fresh laurels to those they had already acquired. Afterwards the divisions of Ney and Soult likewise took the most decisive part in the battle, in which the Russians made such an obstinate resistance, that whole ranks of them were extended on the field. The imperial guard, in particular, made a horrid carnage. The emperor's adjutant, general Corbineau, was killed by a cannon ball. Marshal Augereau is wounded in the arm. The division of marshal Lannes, who was personally engaged, and was slightly wounded, is now commanded, in the vicinity of Ostrolenka, by general Savary.

Vienna, Feb. 18. From Wallachia we learn, that a corps of Russians that had passed the Danube, near Widdin, were joined by the troops under Czerni Georges.

Letters from the Turkish frontiers confirm the report that Passwan Oglou had died, in consequence of a disorder.

Berlin, Feb. 18. The *Telegraph* of to-day contains as follows:—'Although the following letter, dated from Prussian Eylau, on the 9th of February, at five in the evening, was written earlier than the intelligence we gave yesterday, yet we cannot refrain from communicating it to our readers, as it comes from a celebrated warrior, who was an eye-witness of the battle of Eylau; we can depend upon his veracity:—'The battle of Eylau is one of the most remarkable events of the war. The Russian army suffered a most dreadful disaster. They passed the whole night without being able to concentrate, and they are a march distance before us. They lost from 40 to 45 pieces of cannon, at least 18 standards, 10 or 12,000 prisoners, and 10,000 wounded. To state their whole loss at 30,000 men would be rather to lessen than to magnify.'

Altona, Feb. 20. We are assured that her majesty the queen of Prussia is expected at Schlusselburg, from whence she will go to St. Petersburgh; it is said that the palace of Catherinthal is ready to receive her.

Banks of the Elbe, Feb. 23. The late actions up to the 8th inst. on the theatre of war, now transferred from Poland to East Prussia, have taken place within an extent of 12 German miles. The French army has made a movement from south to north. The division of marshal Lannes, forming its right wing, has now the position on the Narew.

HOME NEWS.

London, Feb. 24.

YESTERDAY morning, as master Wingrove, of Milford-lane, was passing St. Clement's, in the Strand, to school, he was thrown down by a mail coach, and the wheel passed over his body: he was carried into the Crooked Billet public-house, where Mr. Radnor, of Surrey-street, Strand, immediately attended, and bled him; but we are sorry to state he in a few minutes expired.

Yesterday morning, about ten o'clock, as two gentlemen were coming to town from Hertford in a single-horse chaise, they came in contact, in Kingsland-road, with a brewer's dray, when the chaise was overturned, by which one of them was killed on the spot, and the other was taken to Mr. Edwards, surgeon, near Shoreditch church, where he soon expired.

Portsmouth, Feb. 24. Sir E. Gower hoisted his flag this morning on board the Dedalus frigate, captain Warren, during the trial of sir Home Popham. Admiral Vashon, another of the members, arrived here this morning, from Leith.

Plymouth, Feb. 26. Letters received here, dated in December last, from our fleet in the Dardanelles, state the following interesting particulars of the state of affairs at that period in Turkey: The Canopus, 84, rear-admiral Louis, the Endymion, 44, and another frigate, are stationed directly opposite the grand seignor's seraglio or palace; the Thunderer, 74, and Standard, 64, and two frigates, are anchored to command the passage of the Dardanelles. A few days before these letters came away, a Russian frigate from the Mediterranean passed the Dardanelles without molestation from the Turkish batteries; but Sebastiani, the French intriguing ambassador from France to the Ottoman Porte, made a violent remonstrance at this frigate passing the Dardanelles, but could get no redress, as our envoy, Mr. Arbuthnot, gave in a representation of the business, and placed it in its proper point of view to the satisfaction of the Turkish government.

There are 20 sail of the line and 15 frigates in the arsenal, but not above five of them half manned. Our ships are all in high order and discipline. The Turks treat our people with the greatest civility and attention. Refreshments of all kinds are sent on board our men of war. Our gallant admiral and his officers, and the captains and officers of the other British men of war, frequently dine on shore with Mr. Arbuthnot.

London, Feb. 27. Yesterday, Hanfield, who had been committed on Tuesday evening on a charge of having threatened Mr. Aris, the keeper of the New Prison, was brought up to the Public Office, Hatton-garden, and discharged, no one appearing against him. He disavowed, in the most solemn manner, before the magistrates, having ever said, as mentioned in some of the papers of yesterday, that Haggerty and Holloway were innocent of the murder of Mr. Steele. He was taken from the office by two of the Worship-street officers, who were ordered to protect him until he be properly disposed of.

28. A few days ago, as the Liverpool mail-coach was changing horses at the inn at Monk's-heath, between Congleton, in Cheshire, and Newcastle-

under-Line, the horses which had performed the stage from Congleton having been just taken off and separated, hearing sir Peter Warburton's fox-hounds in full cry, immediately started after them, with their harness on, and followed the chace until the last. One of them, a blood mare, kept the track with the whipper-in, and gallantly followed him for about two hours, over every leap he took, until old reynard had led them round in a ring-fence, and ran to ground in Mr. Hibbert's plantation. These spirited horses were led back to the inn at Monk's-heath, and performed their stage back to Congleton the same evening.

March 4. Sir Home Popham left town in the afternoon of yesterday, on his way to Portsmouth, attended by Mr. Crickitt, the marshal to the Court of Admiralty; Mr. Harrison, the barrister; and Mr. Laurie, his solicitor. Admiral sir Wm. Young is to preside, in the room of admiral Montague.

Portsmouth, March 4. The court-martial on sir Home Popham is put off till Friday; admiral Holloway and admiral Rowley arrived here this morning, to hoist their flags. Sir Home Popham, captain King, Mr. Laurie, Mr. M'Arthur, and Mr. Harrison, arrived this afternoon. The three last gentlemen are to assist sir Home in his defence. It will be held on board the Gladiator.

London, March 6. On Wednesday evening, the guard on duty at the guard-house, Buckingham-gate, was drawn out, as usual, to salute his majesty on his leaving the queen's palace. It being very late before his majesty's chariot passed the palace to exercise the horses, the officer of the guard mistook this for his majesty's setting off, and gave orders to the men to present arms; the drum and fife of course played, which induced the party of light-horse, waiting at the bottom of Constitution-hill to escort his majesty, to set off without his majesty full speed on the road to clear the way. The king had in consequence to travel with only part of the guard.

Portsmouth, March 6. Sir Home Popham's court-martial commenced this morning, on board the Gladiator, at nine o'clock. At one the court adjourned till to-morrow morning, the prosecution having closed, which consisted of various official documents and orders transmitted to him whilst at Cork, with the force which afterwards captured the Cape of Good Hope. These were read by Mr. Greatham, the judge advocate. Lord Melville was in the court, and looked very well; he is a witness for sir Home. Mr. Marsden, secretary to the Admiralty, was also in court.

Harwich, March 6. The last packet is just arrived from the other side of the water. It was sent away from Gottenburgh at a moment's notice, and was not permitted to wait for the mail. But it has brought dispatches, and I hear it rumoured that the French have attacked and gained a great victory over the Russians, 30,000 of whom were killed, wounded, or made prisoners. The packet sailed in such haste, that the steward of it was left behind.

London, March 7. Yesterday morning, about five o'clock, a fire broke out at the Globe public-house and chop-house, in St. Saviour's church-yard, adjoining Green Dragon-court, Southwark. Mr. Sims, the landlord, let out several of his apartments to lodgers, and nearly thirty persons slept on the premises every night. His own family consisted of a wife, a daughter, two sons, and his wife's sister; the latter acted in the capacity of nurse to Mrs. Sims, who for some time had been confined to her bed, and was in the last stage of a consumption. The fire was supposed to have originated in the cellar, or vaults, where some people had been at work the preceding day, and was first discovered by the sister, who hearing the crackling of wood, and smelling the fire, alarmed the landlord, who ran down stairs in his shirt to see what was the matter, when he perceived the flames burst from the bar, which he supposed had forced their way through the floor. He hastened up stairs, and wrapping a blanket round his helpless wife, with great difficulty rescued her from the flames. His daughter and sister-in-law escaped by leaping out of a window in the first

story into the court; his two boys likewise escaped through a trap-door at the top of the house to some of the adjoining houses. Two persons leaped out of the higher windows after being severely burnt, and were nearly killed on the spot. One of these unfortunate persons, a plumber, was taken to St. Thomas's Hospital, and remains dangerously ill: he stated, that when the flames first caught him, he had with him his son, about ten years of age, and his wife—they both struggled to get to the window to follow him, but in vain, and became the prey of the furious element. A Mrs. Burrow, and a child, were among the sufferers, as was also a waggoner. Two more persons, making in all seven, were dug out of the ruins on Saturday, but in such a state as not to be recognised.

Plymouth, March 7. Came in the Insolent gun-brig, 18 guns, with French prisoners from Falmouth, which were landed at Mill-bay.—As that fine ship the Hibernia, captain Osbourne, was passing down between the island and the main, for Cawsand-bay, while the boat with French prisoners lay on their oars, the Frenchmen were so struck with the grand appearance of the Hibernia majestically gliding down into the Sound, they one and all exclaimed, *There goes the grand coup de grace of Bonaparte!* She got to her moorings at three p.m. and was saluted by hearty cheers from all the ships as she passed them, her own band playing several appropriate tunes on the quarter-deck, which were answered by responsive national airs from the bands and drums of the Royal Lancashire, assembled on the banks at Devil's Point for the occasion.

March 9. Mr. Vick the messenger arrived yesterday morning, in 17 days, with dispatches from our ambassador at Petersburgh. He left Petersburgh on the 18th of last month, and Gottenburgh on the 1st inst. Soon after his arrival the following bulletin was circulated:—

'A king's messenger arrived this morning with dispatches from St. Petersburgh, communicating the official details of the operations of the Russian army in Prussia. It appears that the ardent and persevering gallantry of the Russian general has been crowned with signal success: for several successive days he attacked the French army, always to advantage, but in the last affairs to their decisive defeat, they having on that occasion lost upwards of 20,000 men, twelve eagles, and several pieces of cannon.

'Great rejoicings have taken place at St. Petersburgh, and the city was illuminated at the departure of the messenger.'

It was said, in addition to the above bulletin, that six French eagles had been exhibited on the parade at Petersburgh, previously to the departure of the messenger—that a French general, who had deserted, and had arrived at Petersburgh, reports, that Bonaparte since he has been in Poland has lost upwards of 100,000 men.

In the evening an extraordinary gazette was published.

On Monday last a very large balloon was inflated in the duke of York's gardens, in the Stable-yard, at 11 in the morning, in the presence of his royal highness, general Gordon, and several other persons of distinction. It rose in the most majestic style, continued fairly in sight for about five minutes, and then took a southern direction, at an immense height above the earth. The experiment was performed by a gentleman of distinction. It has not been heard where the balloon fell.

Downing-street, March 11. Lord viscount Howick, his majesty's principal secretary of state for foreign affairs, has this day notified to the ministers of friendly and neutral powers resident at this court, that in consequence of the recent proceedings, and the present position of the enemy on the continent, which enables him to command the navigation of the rivers Elbe, Weser, and Ems, his majesty has judged it expedient to re-establish the most rigorous blockade at the entrances of those rivers, and to maintain and enforce the same, according to the usages of war acknowledged and allowed in similar cases.

Cardigan, March 16. Hafod, in Cardiganshire, the seat of Thomas Johnes,

esq. member for that county, was destroyed by fire on Friday last. We have not yet been able to learn the cause of this melancholy accident, or whether any part of the valuable library, pictures, &c. which this elegant and classical mansion contained, was preserved from the flames. We have the satisfaction of stating that no lives were lost. Mr. Johnes himself, we understand, was in town attending his parliamentary duty. Mrs. and miss Johnes were at home; and very happily Mr. Hanbury Williams, Mr. Johnes's brother-in-law, was on a visit in the house. The family, under his protection, removed to the Hafod-arms, at the Devil's Bridge, whither every thing that could be saved was conveyed.

London, March 19. Yesterday morning, about half-past 4 o'clock, a dreadful fire broke out at the manufactory of Messrs. Clementi and Co. Tottenham-court-road: a smoke was observed, by a person who lives opposite, to proceed from the premises, who immediately gave the alarm. In a few minutes the flames issued from every part of the premises, and in a short space of time had assumed so formidable an appearance, that the whole neighbourhood was considered in the most imminent danger. About half-past six, a number of engines had arrived; but no water could be procured till nearly half-past seven, by which time the whole of the interior was a heap of ruins, and the flames were issuing from the front of the building: the houses on each side, composing a part of the manufactory, and occupied by several families employed in the concern, were entirely consumed, with the whole of the furniture; the backs of the houses in Francis-street, and the livery-stables on the other side, are very much damaged, and some of the furniture entirely destroyed. The damage is at present estimated at 40,000l. about 15,000l. of which only is insured. A small quantity of wood, and a few musical instruments, have been saved. The accident is supposed to have been occasioned by the flue of a stove, which ran through the floors of the building, and communicated with the wood work.

21. For several days past rumours of a general change of the ministry, but nothing can be stated with certainty. The duke of Portland, it is said, has accepted the office of first lord of the treasury; and lord Melville, it is expected, will come in.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 20. At his house in Devonshire-place, the lady of John Scott, esq. of a son.

At Yew-cottage, Denham, the lady of lieutenant Rowland Money, of the royal navy, of a daughter.

At Hareford, in Worcestershire, the lady of Thomas Boddington, esq. of a son.

23. At Winchester-house, Chelsea, the lady of the hon. and rev. Thomas De Grey, of a daughter.

25. Mrs. Horton, of Queen-square, Bloomsbury, of a son.

27. The lady of Tho. Bainbridge, esq. of Bedford-row, of a son.

The lady of Thomas Maltby, esq. of Chatham-place, of a son.

March 2. At Thorp, the lady of Matthew Richard Onslow, esq. of a daughter.

12. At Bath, the lady of the rev. George Burrard, of a daughter.

14. At Mrs. Thompson's, in Grosvenor-square, the lady of brig.-general Dyott, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 25. At Mary-le-bone church, miss Ford, eldest daughter of the late sir Francis Ford, bart. to P. Touchel, esq. of Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square.

26. At Sandy, Bedfordshire, Richard Franklin, esq. of Gray's-inn, to miss Judith Monox, third daughter of the late sir Philip Monox, bart.

At Edinburgh, George Gordon, esq. of Hallhead, to miss Napier, eldest daughter of the hon. Charles Napier, of Mercheston-hall.

27. At St. James's church, Mr. E.

Willmott, surgeon, Sevenoaks, Kent, to miss Weightman, niece of Hugh Stacey Osborne, esq. major on the Bombay establishment.

At Mary-le-bone church, R. Small, esq. late of the Inner-Temple, to miss Savage, of Weymouth-street, Portland-place, youngest daughter of the late George Savage, of Madras, esq. deceased.

28. Edward M'Grath, esq. of Limerick, to miss Moore, of Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square.

March 3. At St. Peter's church, Cornhill, by the rev. Mr. Wrench, rector of St. Michael's, John Costeker, esq. to Mrs. Jane Wildash.

At Frant, in Sussex, the rev. Edw. Warneford, to Miss Caroline Eyles.

At St. John's church, Hackney, Mr. William Bulley, of London, to miss Allinson, only daughter of William Allinson, esq. Camberwell, Surry.

4. At Grantham, by the rev. A. C. Varelot Leonard, Walbanke Childers, esq. of Cantley, near Doncaster, to miss Sarah Anne Kent, second daughter of sir C. Kent, Grantham-house, in the county of Lincoln.

6. At Edinburgh, Mr. J. Murray, bookseller, London, to miss Elliot, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Elliot, of Edinburgh.

9. At the collegiate church, Manchester, James Parker, esq. of Queen-street, Cheapside, to miss Ellen Railton, of Manchester.

At Llandaff cathedral, by the rev. Powel Edwards, sir Robert Lynch Blosse, bart. of Gabalva, to miss C. Richards, sister of John Richards, esq. of Llandaff-court, Glamorganshire.

12. D. O'Brien, esq. son of Henry O'Brien, esq. of Blatherwicke, Northamptonshire, to miss Matilda Bedingfield, daughter of the late rev. Bacon Bedingfield, of Ditchingham-hall, Norfolk.

Mr. Joseph Devey, jun. of West-hill, Wandsworth, to miss Hollinshead, of Newington-place, Kennington.

16. At St. Mary-le-bone church, W. Smythe, esq. Brambridge, Hants, to miss Louisa Boycott, daughter of the late Thomas Boycott, esq. of Rudge, Salop.

18. At Mary-le-bone church, by the right rev. the lord bishop of Exeter, Philip Gibbes, esq. eldest son of sir Philip Gibbes, bart. of New Burlington-street, to miss Maria Knipe, third daughter of Robert Knipe, esq. late of New Lodge, near Berkhampstead, in the county of Herts, deceased.

19. At Mary-le-bone church, the hon. Thomas Parker, brother to the earl of Macclesfield, to Eliza, third daughter of William Wolstenholme, Holly-hill, near East Grimstead.

DEATHS.

Feb. 19. At his house in Dowry-square, Bristol Wells, Francis Adams, esq. of Norton-Malreward, one of his majesty's justices of the peace, and deputy lieutenant for Somersetshire.

20. Aged 45, sir John Alston, bart. He having left only a daughter, the title devolves on his brother, now sir Charles Alston, bart.

25. At her house in St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, the right hon. countess dowager of Dalhousie.

At Edinburgh, in child-bed, lady Nasmyth, wife of sir James Nasmyth, bart. of Posso, Peebleshire.

March 2. At Newington, Mrs. Poole, mother of Mrs. Dickons, the eminent vocal performer.

4. At his house in Mountjoy-square, Dublin, after a severe illness, the right honourable lord Carbery.

Mrs. A. Charriere, of Tottenham-court New Road.

6. At Darsham-house, in the county of Suffolk, miss Charlotte Peyton, third daughter of the late sir Henry Peyton, bart. of Hagbeach Hall, in Norfolk.

7. At the Polygon, Southampton, sir William Dunkin, late one of the judges of the supreme court of judicature at Calcutta.

13. At Helmington-hall, in the county of Durham, the seat of the rev. Robert Spencer, lady Maxwell, relict of the late sir Robert Maxwell, bart. of Orchardton, in Scotland, and aunt to Mrs. Spencer.

At his seat at Langdon-hall, Devonshire, Charles Holmes Calmady, esq. admiral of the white.